

The
W O R K S
of
SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the eighth :

containing,

Julius Cæsar ;
Antony *and* Cleopatra ;
Timon *of* Athens ;
Titus Andronicus.

L O N D O N :

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W O R L D

SHAKESPEARE

Volume 10

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Cicero, Publius, Poetinus Iena, Senator.
M. Emil. Lepidus,
Marcus Antonius,
Othavins Caesar,
Julius Caesar.

Ichoris,
 Trebonius,
 Metellus,
 Decius,
 Cinnas,
 Calcas,
 Castus,
 Brutus,

CÆSAR.

[illegible]

Forbes, Wife to Bruce
Calderhead, Wife to Carter

Persons represented:

Julius Cæsar.

Octavius Cæsar, } *Triumvirs, after the*
Marcus Antonius, } *Death of Cæsar.*
M. Æmil. Lepidus, }

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*

Brutus, }
Cassius, } *Conspirators against Cæsar.*
Casca, }
Cinna, }
Decius, }
Metellus, }
Trebonius, }
Ligarius, }

Flavius, and Murellus, *Tribunes.*

a Soothsayer; Artemidorus, a Sophist;

Cinna, a Poet; and another Poet.

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, young Cato, and
Volumnius; *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

Lucius, Varro, Claudius, Clitus, Dardanius,
and Strato a Grecian; Servants to Brutus.

Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

Serv. to Cæsar; Serv. to Antony; Serv. to Octavius;
four Citizens, a Messenger, and two Soldiers.

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

Other Citizens, Soldiers, Officers, Senators, &c.

Scene dispers'd: in Rome, near Sardis, and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Rabble of Citizens; FLAVIUS, and MURELLUS, driving them.

FLA. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

1. C. Why, fir, a carpenter.

MUR. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —
You, fir; what trade are you?

2. C. Truly, fir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MUR. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2. C. A trade, fir, that, I hope, I may use with a
safe conscience; which is, indeed, fir, a mender of bad
souls. [what trade?

MUR. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,

2. C. Nay, I beseech you, fir, be not out with me:
Yet, if you be out, fir, I can mend you. [fellow?

MUR. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou faucy

2. C. Why, fir, coble you.

FLA. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2. C. Truly, fir, all that I live by is, the awl: I
meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's mat-
ters; but, with all. I am, indeed, fir, a surgeon to old
shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them:
As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have
gone upon my handy-work.

FLA. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2. C. Truly, fir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself
into more work. But, indeed, fir, we make holiday, to
see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his triumph. [home?

MUR. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of *Rome*,
Knew you not *Pompey*? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney' tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of *Rome*:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That *Tyber* trembl'd underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in his concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over *Pompey's* blood?
 Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLA. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to *Tyber* banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the capitol;
 This way will I: Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

MUR. May we do so? you know, it is the feast
 Of *Lupercal*.

FLA. 'Tis no matter; let no images
 Be hung with *Cæsar's* trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from *Cæsar's* wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A publick Place.*
Enter, in solemn Procession, with Musick, &c.

CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the Course*; CALPHURNIA,
 Portia; Decius, Cicero, BRUTUS, CASSIUS,
 CASCA, &c. *a great Crowd following*;
Soothfayer in the Crowd.

CÆS. Calphurnia,

CASCA. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [Musick ceases.

CÆS. Calphurnia,

CAL. Here, my lord.

CÆS. Stand you directly in Antonio's way,
 When he doth run his course. — Antonio,

ANT. Cæsar, my lord.

CÆS. Forget not, in your speed, Antonio,
 To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chace,
 Shake off their steril curse.

ANT. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

CÆS. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[Musick; and the Proceßion moves.

Soo. Cæsar,

CÆS. Ha! Who calls?

CASCA. Bid every noise be still: — Peace yet again.

[Musick ceases.

CÆS. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,

Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Soo. Beware the ides of March.

CÆS. What man is that?

BRU. A soothfayer, bids beware the ides of March.

CÆS. Set him before me, let me see his face.

CAS. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Cæsar.

CÆS. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Soo. Beware the ides of *March*.

CÆs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Musick. Exeunt All, but Bru. and Cæs.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

BRU. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

BRU. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in *Antony*:—
Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

BRU. *Cassius*,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one,)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cæs. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

BRU. No, *Cassius*: for the eye sees not itself,

But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just :
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yolk,
Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Brut. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear :
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus* :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Shout within.*]

Brut. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the people
Choose *Cæsar* for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brut. I would not, *Cassius* ; yet I love him well :—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as *Cæsar*; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubl'd *Tyber* chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as *Æneas*, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder
The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*

Did I the tired *Cæsar* : And this man
 Is now become a god ; and *Cassius* is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose it's lustre : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cry'd, *Give me some drink*, *Titinius*,
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestick world,
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout again.]

BRU. Another general shout :

I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

CAS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
 Like a *Colossus* ; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and *Cæsar* : What should be in that *Cæsar* ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once;
 Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in *Rome*,
 As easily as a king.

BRU. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might intreat you,
 Be any further mov'd: What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
 'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of *Rome*
 Under such hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

CAS. I am glad, that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

BRU. The games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

CAS. As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the sleeve;
And he will, after his four fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

BRU. I will do so:—But, look you, *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar*'s brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and *Cicero*
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

CAS. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

CÆS. *Antonio*,

ANT. *Cæsar*.

CÆS. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

ANT. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

CÆS. 'Would he were fatter: But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, *Antony*; he hears no musick:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;

And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and Train: Casca stays.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak
with me?

Brutus. Ay, *Casca*; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Brutus. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and
being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his
hand, thus †; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why for that too?

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why for that too?

Brutus. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other; and at every putting
by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, *Antony*.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner
of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I
saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not
a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and,
as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that,
to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he

offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement houted, and clap'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choak'd *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

CAS. But, soft, I pray you; What, did *Cæsar* swoon?

CASCA. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

BRU. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

CAS. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you, and I, And honest *Casca*, we have the falling-sickness.

CASCA. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, *Cæsar* fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

BRU. What said he, when he came unto himself?

CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut:—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his in-

firmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul!* and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stab'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRU. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA. Ay.

CAS. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

CASCA. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

CAS. To what effect?

CASCA. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again: But those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs off *Cæsar's* images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CAS. Will you sup with me to-night, *Casca*?

CASCA. No, I am promis'd forth.

CAS. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

CAS. Good; I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so: Farewel, both. [*Exit CASCA.*]

BRU. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

CAS. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brut. And so it is.
 For this time, I will leave you, *Cassius* :
 To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
 I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
 Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so : 'till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble : yet, I see,
 Thy honourable metal may be wrought
 From that it is dispos'd : Therefore 'tis meet
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
 For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves *Brutus* :
 If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
 He should not humour me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That *Rome* holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
 And, after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure ;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite Sides,
 CICERO, and CASCA with his
 Sword drawn.*

Cic. Good even, *Casca* : Brought you *Cæsar* home ?
 Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
 Shakes, like a thing unfirm ? O *Cicero*,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :
 But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

Cæsa. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
 Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn,
 Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)
 Against the capitol I met a lion,
 Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
 Without annoying me : And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred gashly women,
 Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons, — They are natural ;
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes *Cæsar* to the capitol to-morrow ?

Cæsa. He doth ; for he did bid *Antonio*

Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, *Casca*: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, *Cicero*. [Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. *Casca*, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it. [heavens?]

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Casca*; and those sparks of life,
Which should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children, calculate;

Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
 Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
 To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
 That nature hath infus'd them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
 Unto some monstrous state. Now could I *Casca*,
 Name thee a man most like this dreadful night;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the capitol:

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
 In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis *Cæsar*, that you mean: Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
 Our yolk and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a king:
 And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
 In every place, save here in *Italy*.

Cas. I know where I will wear this † dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*:
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,

† name to thee

That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

CASCA. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

CAS. And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the *Romans* are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is *Rome*,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*? But, o, grief,
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA. You speak to *Casca*; and to such a man,
That is no fearing tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

CAS. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Casca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honourable-dang'rous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In *Pompey's* porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element

Is favour'd like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

CASCA. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

CAS. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gate;
He is a friend. — *Cinna*, where haste you so?

CIN. To find out you: Who's that? *Metellus Cimber*?

CAS. No, it is *Casca*; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?

CIN. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange fights.

CAS. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*? tell me.

CIN. Yes,

You are. O, *Cassius*, if you could but win.

The noble *Brutus* to our party —

CAS. Be you content: Good *Cinna*, take this † paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw † this
In at his window; set this † up with wax
Upon old *Brutus*' statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you shall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius*, there?

CIN. All but *Metellus Cimber*; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hye,
And so bestow these papers as you bid me.

CAS. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s theatre.

[Exit CINNA.]

Come, *Casca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

CASCA. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:

† Is Favors, like

And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited : Let us go,
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.* Brutus's Garden.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRU. What, *Lucius*, ho !—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. — *Lucius*, I say !—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, *Lucius*, when ? Awake, I say : What, *Lucius* !

Enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Call'd you, my lord ?

BRU. Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius* :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUC. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

BRU. It must be by his death : and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd :—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ? That ;
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse from power : And, to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back ;
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend : So *Cæsar* may ;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous ;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This † paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
 It did not lye there, when I went to bed.

BRU. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of *March* ?

LUC. I know not, sir.

BRU. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUC. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

BRU. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

reads] Brutus thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome + + + + Speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, —

Such instigations have been often drop'd,

Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome — Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, *Rome*?
 My ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*
 The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress. — Am I entreated
 To speak, and strike? O *Rome*, I make thee promise,
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Re-enter LUCIUS. *within.*

LUC. Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days. [*Knock*

BRU. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
 I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
 The genius, and the mortal instruments,
 Are then in council; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,
 Who doth desire to see you.

BRU. Is he alone?

LUC. No, sir, there are more with him.

BRU. Do you know them?

LUC. No, sir; their hats are pluckt about their ears,
 And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
 That by no means I may discover them
 By any mark of favour.

BRU. Let them enter.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,
METELLUS, and TREBONIUS.

CAS. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

BRU. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

CAS. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

BRU. He is welcome hither.

CAS. This, Decius Brutus.

BRU. He is welcome too.

[Cimber.]

CAS. This, Casca; Cinna, this; and this, Metellus

BRU. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

CAS. Shall I entreat a word?

[converse apart.]

DEC. Herelyes the east: Doth not the day break here?

CASca. No.

CIN. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,

That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

CASCA. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the capitol, directly here.

BRU. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CAS. And let us swear our resolution.

BRU. No, not an oath : If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-fighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress ? what other bond,
Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter ? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,

Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood,
That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

CAS. But what of *Cicero* ? Shall we found him ?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA. Let us not leave him out.

CIN. No, by no means.

MET. O, let us have him ; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands ;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be bury'd in his gravity.

BRU. O, name him not : let us not break with him ;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

CAS. Then leave him out.

CASCA. Indeed, he is not fit.

DEC. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar* ?

CAS. *Decius*, well urg'd : — I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar* : We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
Let *Antony*, and *Cæsar*, fall together.

BRU. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius*.
 We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*;
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
 O, that we then could come by *Cæsar's* spirit,
 And not dismember *Cæsar*! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it: And, gentle friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* arm,
 When *Cæsar's* head is off.

CAS. Yet I do fear him:
 For in the engrafted love he bears to *Cæsar*,—
BRU. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
 If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
 Is to himself; take thought, and dye for *Cæsar*:
 And that were much he should; for he is given
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

TRE. There is no fear in him; let him not dye;
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

BRU. Peace, count the clock. [Clock strikes.

CAS. The clock hath stricken three.

TRE. 'Tis time to part.

CAS. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whe'r *Cæsar* will come forth to-day, or no:

For he is superstitious grown of late ;
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuation of his augurers,
 May hold him from the capitol to-day.

DEC. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,
 I can o'er-sway him : for he loves to hear,
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
 But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
 He says, he does ; being then most flattered.
 Let me work :
 For I can give his humour the true bent ;
 And I will bring him to the capitol.

CAS. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRU. By the eighth hour ; Is that the uttermost ?

CIN. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

MET. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hatred,
 Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey* ;
 I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

BRU. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him :
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. [*Brutus* ;—

CAS. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave you,
 And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember
 What you have said, and shew yourselves true *Romans*.

BRU. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
 Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
 But bear it as our *Roman* actors do,

2* along by him

With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt All but Brutus.*]

Boy ! *Lucius* ! Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

POR. *Brutus*, my lord.

[*now?*]

BRU. *Portia*, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

POR. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindl'd ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRU. I am not well in health, and that is all.

POR. *Brutus* is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRU. Why, so I do: Good *Portia*, go to bed.

POR. Is *Brutus* sick; and is it physical,
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is *Brutus* sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my *Brutus*;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRU. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*. [*raising her.*]

POR. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your self,
But, as it were, in fort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,

Portia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

BRU. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

POR. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, *Cato*'s daughter:
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

BRU. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knock within.*]
Hark, hark! one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*]

Enter LUCIUS, and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that that knocks?

LUC. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

BRU. "*Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of." —

Boy, stand aside. — [*Exit LUC.*] *Caius Ligarius*, how?

LIG. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRU. O, what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

LIG. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

BRU. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligatius*,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIG. By all the gods that *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

BRU. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

LIG. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

BRU. That must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

LIG. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That *Brutus* leads me on.

BRU. Follow me then. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR.

CÆS. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out, [night;
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord?

CÆS. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my lord. [Exit Servant.]

Enter CALPURNIA. [forth?

CAL. What mean you, *Cæsar*? Think you to walk
You shall not stir out of your house to-day. [me

CÆS. *Cæsar* shall forth: the things that threaten'd
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanish'd.

CAL. *Cæsar*, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizel'd blood upon the capitol:
The noise of battle hurtl'd in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CÆS. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

CAL. When beggars dye, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CÆS. Cowards dye many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to-day,
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

CÆS. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, *Cæsar* shall not: Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

CAL. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own,
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CÆS. *Mark Antony* shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

DEC. *Cæsar*, all hail! Good morrow, worthy *Cæsar*;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CÆS. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day, tell them so, *Decius*,

CAL. Say, he is sick.

11 We heare two

CÆS. Shall *Cæsar* send a lye?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far;
To be afraid to tell gray-beards the truth?

Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

DEC. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

CÆS. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night, she saw my statue, *Decius*,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts

Did run pure blood; and many lusty *Romans*

Came smiling, and did bath their hands in it:

And these does she apply for warnings, portents
Of evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath beg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

DEC. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,

Signifies, that from you great *Rome* shall suck

Reviving blood; and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance.

This by *Calphurnia's* dream is signify'd.

CÆS. And this way have you well expounded it.

DEC. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now; The senate have concluded

To give, this day, a crown to mighty *Cæsar*.

If you shall send them word, you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate 'till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear, love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
 And reason to my love is liable.

CÆS. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia?
 I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go:— [to an Att:

Enter PUBLIUS, LIGARIUS, BRUTUS, CASCA,
 CINNA, METELLUS, and TREBONIUS.

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

PUB. Good morrow, Cæsar.

CÆS. Welcome, *Publius*.—

What, *Brutus*, are you stir'd so early too?—

Good morrow, *Casca*.— *Caius Ligarius*,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

BRU. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

CÆS. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! *Antony*, that revels long o'nights,

Is notwithstanding up:— Good morrow, *Antony*.

ANT. So to most noble Cæsar.

CÆS. Bid them prepare within:— [to an Att:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, *Cinna*:— Now, *Metellus*:— What, *Trebonius*!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

TRE. Cæsar, I will: "and so near will I be,
" That your best friends shall wish I had been further."

CÆS. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with
And we, like friends, will straitway go together. [me;

BRU. "That every like is not the same, o Cæsar,"
"The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon." [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS.

ART. [reads.] Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed
of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna;
trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber:
Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius
Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and
it is bent against Cæsar: If thou beest not immortal, look
about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty
gods defend thee!

Thy lover, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, o Cæsar, thou may'st live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the
same Street, before Brutus's House.*

Enter PORTIA, and LUCIUS.

POR. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

LUC. To know my errand, madam.

POR. I would have had thee there, and here again,
 See I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—

"O constancy, be strong upon my side!"

"Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!"

"I have a man's mind, but a woman's heart."

"How hard it is, for women to keep counsel!"—

Art thou here yet?

LUC. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

POR. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,

What *Cæsar* doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

LUC. I hear none, madam.

POR. Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the capitol.

LUC. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

POR. Come hither, fellow:

Which way hast thou been?

Soo. At mine own house, good lady.

POR. What is't o'clock?

Soo. About the ninth hour, lady,

POR. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the capitol?

Soo. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the capitol.

POR. Thou hast some suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Soo. That I have, lady, if it will please *Cæsar*

To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:

I shall beseech him to befriend himself. [wards him]

POR. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended to

SOO. None that I know will be, much that I fear may
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow: [chance

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along: [Exit

POR. I must go in. "Ay me! how weak a thing"

"The heart of woman is! O Brutus, Brutus,"

"The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!"

"Sure, the boy heard me:" Brutus hath a suit,

That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint:—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Capitol:*

*Senate sitting. In the Entrance, and amid a Throng of
People, ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish, and*

Enter CÆSAR, attended; BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASC

CINNA, DECIUS, METELLUS, and TREBONIUS;

POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, Lepidus,

Antony, and Others.

CÆS. The ides of March are come.

SOO. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

ART. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

DEC. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this † his humble suit.

ART. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

CÆS. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

ART. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

CÆS. What, is the fellow mad?

PUB. Sirrah, give place.

CAS. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the capitol.

[Artemidorus is push'd
back. Cæsar, and the rest, enter the Senate: The
Senate rises. Popilius presses forward to speak
to Cæsar; and passing Cassius, says,

POP. I wish, to-day your enterprise may thrive.

CAS. What enterprise, Popilius?

POP. Fare you well. [leaves him, and joins Cæsar.

BRU. "What said Popilius Lena?" [thrive."

CAS. "He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might
I fear, our purpose is discovered."

BRU. "Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him."

CAS. "Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention."

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,"

Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back,"

For I will slay myself."

BRU. "Cassius, be constant:"

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;"

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change."

CAS. "Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way." [Brutus,"

[Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS, conversing.

Cæsar takes his Seat; the Senate, theirs: and

Metellus advances towards Cæsar.

DEC. "Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,"

"And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar."

BRU. "He is address'd: press near, and second him."

CIN. "Casca, you are the first that rear your hand."

[The Conspirators range themselves about Cæsar, Casca, on the right hand of his Chair, behind.]

CÆS. Are we all ready? What is now amiss, That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress? [Cæsar.]

MET. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart:— [prostrating himself]

CÆS. I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings, and these lowly courtesies, Might fire the blood of ordinary men; And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree, Into the lane of children. Be not fond, To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood, That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning. Thy brother by decree is banished: If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause Will he be satisfy'd.

MET. Is there no voice, more worthy than my own, To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear, For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRU. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CÆS. What, Brutus!

CAS. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

CÆS. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star;
Of whose true-fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CIN. O *Cæsar*,—

CÆS. Hence! Wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

DEC. Great *Cæsar*,—

CÆS. Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel?

CASC. Speak, hands, for me. [*stabbing him in the Neck. Cæsar rises, catches at the Dagger, and struggles with him: defends himself, for a time, against him, and against the other Conspirators; but, stab'd by Brutus,*

CÆS. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, *Cæsar*. [*he submits; muffles up his Face in his Mantle; falls, and dies. Senate in Confusion.*

CIN. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CAS. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

BRU. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still: ambition's debt is pay'd.

CASCA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DEC. And Cassius too.

BRU. Where's Publius?

CIN. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

MET. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

BRU. Talk not of standing:—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

CAS. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRU. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers. [Exeunt All but Conspirators]

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

CAS. Where's Antony?

TRE. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doom's-day.

BRU. Fates, we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall dye, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CAS. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRU. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bath our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:

Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, *Peace, freedom and liberty!*

CAS. Stoop then, and wash. — How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

BRU. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lyes along,
No worthier than the dust?

CAS. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

DEC. What, shall we forth?

CAS. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

BRU. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Ser. Thus, Brutus, † did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bad me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,

With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

BRU. Thy master is a wise and valiant *Roman*;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfy'd; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

BRU. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

CAS. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

BRU. But here comes *Antony*.—Welcome, *Mark An-*

ANT. O mighty *Cæsar*! Dost thou lye so low? [*Antony.*]

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As *Cæsar*'s death's hour; nor no instrument

Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpl'd hands do reek and smok,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to dye:

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRU. O *Antony*, beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands, and this our present act,

You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
 And this the bleeding business they have done:
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
 And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
 (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
 Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*,
 Our arms no strength of malice ; and our hearts,
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CAS. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
 In the disposing of new dignities.

BRU. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
 Have thus proceeded.

ANT. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand :
 First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you ;—
 Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand ;—
 Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours ;—now yours, *Metellus* ;—
 Yours, *Cinna* ;—and, my valiant *Casca*, yours ;—
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
 Gentlemen all, alas ! what shall I say ?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
 That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, o, 'tis true :
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, *Julius* ! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;
 Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe. —
 O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;
 And this, indeed, o world, the heart of thee. —
 How like a deer, strooken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lye ?

Cas. *Mark Antony*, —

ANT. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius* :
 The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this ;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so ;
 But what compâct mean you to have with us ?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

ANT. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein, *Cæsar* was dangerous.

BRU. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you, *Antony*, the son of *Cæsar*,
 You should be satisfy'd.

ANT. That's all I seek :
 And am moreover suitor, that I may

Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRU. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

CAS. *Brutus*, a word with you.

"You know not what you do ; Do not consent,"

"That *Antony* speak in his funeral :"

"Know you how much the people may be mov'd"

"By that which he will utter ?"

BRU. "By your pardon ;—

"I will myself into the pulpit first,"

"And shew the reason of our *Cæsar*'s death :"

"What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest"

"He speaks by leave and by permission ;"

"And that we are contented, *Cæsar* shall"

"Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies."

"It shall advantage more, than do us wrong."

CAS. "I know not what may fall ; I like it not."

BRU. *Mark Antony*, here, take you *Cæsar*'s body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar* ;

And say, you do't by our permission ;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral : And you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

ANT. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

BRU. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt All but Antony.*]

ANT. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue; —
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*:
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds:
 And *Cæsar's* spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With *Ate* by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry, *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial. —

Enter a Servant. c.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

ANT. *Cæsar* did write to him, to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth, —
 O *Cæsar*! —

[Seeing the Body.]

ANT. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Ser. He lies to-night within seven leagues of *Rome*.

ANT. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*, [chanc'd;
 No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
 Thou shalt not back, 'till I have born this corse
 Into the market-place: there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. [Exeunt, with the Body.

SCENE II. The same. The Forum.

Enter a Throng of Citizens, tumultuously;

BRUTUS, and CASSIUS.

Cit. We will be satisfy'd; let us be satisfy'd.

BRU. Then follow me, and give me audience,
Cassius, go you into the other street, [friends.—
 And part the numbers.—
 Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
 Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him;
 And publick reasons shall be rendered
 Of *Cæsar's* death.

1. *C.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2. *C.* I will hear *Cassius*; and compare their reasons,
 When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit *CASSIUS*, with some of the Citizens:
Brutus goes into the *Rostrum*.]

3. *C.* The noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

BRU. Be patient 'till the last. *Romans*,
 countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause;
 and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for

mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to him I say, that *Brutus'* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his: If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer, — Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a *Roman*? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, *Brutus*, none.

BRU. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is enroll'd in the capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY, and certain of his House,
bearing Cæsar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-

wealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. [comes down.

Cit. Live, *Brutus*, live, live!

1. *C.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2. *C.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3. *C.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4. *C.* *Cæsar*'s better parts

Shall not be crown'd in *Brutus*. [clamours.

1. *C.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and

BRU. My countrymen,—

2. *C.* Peace; silence; *Brutus* speaks.

1. *C.* Peace, ho.

BRU. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with *Antony*:

Do grace to *Cæsar*'s corps, and grace his speech

Tending to *Cæsar*'s glories; which *Mark Antony*

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have spoke.

[Exit *BRU.*

1. *C.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3. *C.* Let him go up into the publick chair;

We'll hear him:—Noble *Antony*, go up.

ANT. For *Brutus*' sake, I am beholding to you.

[goes up.

4. *C.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3. *C.* He says, for *Brutus*' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4. *C.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1. *C.* This *Cæsar* was a tyrant.

3. C. Nay, that's certain :

We are most blest, that *Rome* is rid of him.

2. C. Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can say.

ANT. You gentle *Romans*,—

Cit. Peace, ho; let us hear him. [ears;

ANT. Friends, *Romans*, countrymen, lend me your

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him :

The evil, that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with *Cæsar*. The noble *Brutus*

Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.

Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

(For *Brutus* is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in *Cæsar*'s funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious ;

And *Brutus* is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious ;

And *Brutus* is an honourable man.

You all did see, that, on the *Lupercal*,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse : Was this ambition ?

Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ? —
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason ! — Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1. C. Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2. C. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3. C. Has he my masters ?
 I fear, there will a worse come in his place. [crown ;

4. C. Mark'd ye his words ? he would not take the
 Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. C. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. C. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. C. There's not a nobler man in *Rome*, than *Antony*.

4. C. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANT. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
 Have stood against the world : now lyes he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men :
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's † a parchment, with the seal of *Cæsar*,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Nay, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4. C. We'll hear the will; — Read it, *Mark Antony*.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

ANT. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it.
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

I will enflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it?

4. C. Read the will; we will hear it, *Antony*;

You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

ANT. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers have stab'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4. C. They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will, the testament!

2. C. They were villains, murderers: The will;
 read the will.

ANT. You will compel me then to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corps of Cæsar,

And let me shew you him that made the will:

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2. C. Descend.

3. C. You shall have leave. [he comes down.

4. C. A ring;

Stand round.

1. C. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2. C. Room for *Antony*; most noble *Antony*.

ANT. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back, room; bear back.

ANT. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this † mantle: I remember

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the *Nervii*:—

Look, in this place ran *Cassius'* dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious *Casca* made:

Through this the well-beloved *Brutus* stab'd;

And, as he pluck'd his curst steel away,

Mark how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no.

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar's* angel:

Judge, o you gods, how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of *Pompey's* statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great *Cæsar* fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our *Cæsar*'s vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here † is himself, mar'd, as you see, with traitors.

1. C. O piteous spectacle !

2. C. O noble *Cæsar* !

3. C. O woeful day !

4. C. O traitors, villains !

1. C. O

Most bloody fight !

2. C. We'll be reveng'd : Revenge ;
About, seek, burn, fire, kill, slay ; —
Let not a traitor live.

ANT. Stay, countrymen.

1. C. Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2. C. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye
with him. [up]

ANT. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable ;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it ; they are wise, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no orator, as *Brutus* is :

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well,
That gave me publick leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;

Shew you sweet *Cæsar's* wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me: But were I *Brutus*,
 And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
 The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1. *C.* We'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3. *C.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

ANT. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho; hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

ANT. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true; the will, let's stay and hear the will.

ANT. Here is the will, † and under *Cæsar's* seal.

To every *Roman* citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy five drachmas.

2. *C.* Most noble *Cæsar*! — We'll revenge his death.

3. *C.* O royal *Cæsar*!

ANT. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho.

ANT. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side *Tiber*; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a *Cæsar*: When comes such another?

1. *C.* Never, never: — Come, come, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2. C. Go, fetch fire.

3. C. Pluck down

The benches.

4. C. Pluck down forms, the windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*]

ANT. Now let it work : Mischief, thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter Servant. c.

How now, fellow ?

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

ANT. Where is he ?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar's* house.

ANT. And thither will I straight to visit him :

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard them say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like madmen through the gates of *Rome*.

ANT. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*.

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA the Poet.

CIN. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy :
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1. C. What is your name ?

2. C. Whither are you going ?

3. C. Where do you live ?

4. C. Are you a marry'd man, or a batchelor ?

2. C. Answer every man directly.

1. C. Ay, and briefly.

4. C. Ay, and wisely.

3. C. Ay, and truly, you were best.

CIN. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a marry'd man, or a batchelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a batchelor.

2. C. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry : — You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: Proceed, directly.

CIN. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1. C. As a friend, or an enemy?

CIN. As a friend.

2. C. That matter is answer'd directly.

4. C. For your dwelling, — briefly?

CIN. Briefly, I dwell by the capitol.

3. C. Your name, sir, truly?

CIN. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. C. Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

CIN. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4. C. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad

CIN. I am not Cinna the conspirator. [verses.

4. C. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going. [brands :

3. C. Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho, fire—
To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all : Some to Decius' house,
and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Antony's House.*

Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS.

[prick'd.

ANT. These many † then shall dye; their names are

OCT. Your brother too must dye; Consent you, Le-

LEP. I do consent: [pidus?

OCT. Prick him down, Antony.

LEP. Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony*.

ANT. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar's* house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEP. What, shall I find you here?

OCT. Or here, or at the capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.

ANT. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCT. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to dye,
In our black sentence and proscription.

ANT. *Octavius*, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

OCT. You may do your will,

But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

ANT. So is my horse, *Octavius*; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abject orts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our best means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

OCT. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Camp near Sardis.

*Before Brutus's Tent. Enter BRUTUS, and Forces;
Lucius, and Others, attending:*

BRU. Stand, ho. [*to his Officers, entering.*
[*to him, LUCILIUS, with Soldiers;*
[*PINDARUS, and Titinius.*

LUC. Give the word, ho, and stand. [*to his Party.*

¹⁰ On Objects, Arts, and

BRU. What now, *Lucilius*? is *Cassius* near?

LUC. He is at hand; and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*presenting Pindarus, who gives a Letter.*

BRU. He greets me well. — Your master, *Pindarus*,
In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfy'd.

PIN. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

BRU. He is not doubted. — “A word, *Lucilius*;
“How he receiv'd you, — let me be resolv'd.”

LUC. “With courtesy, and with respect enough;
“But not with such familiar instances,
“Nor with such free and friendly conference,
“As he hath us'd of old.”

BRU. “Thou hast describ'd”
“A hot friend cooling: Ever note, *Lucilius*,
“When love begins to sicken and decay,”
“It useth an enforced ceremony.”
“There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:”
“But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,”
“Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;”
“But when they should endure the bloody spur,”
“They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,”
“Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?”

LUC. “They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
“The greater part, the horse in general,”
“Are come with *Cassius*.”

[*March within.*

BRU. Hark, he is arriv'd: —

March gently on to meet him.

[*March.*

Enter CASSIUS, and Forces.

CAS. Stand, ho. [*to his Officers, entering.*

BRU. Stand:— [*to his.*] Speak the word along.

1. O. Stand.

2. O. Stand.

3. O. Stand.

CAS. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRU. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CAS. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them,—

BRU. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well:
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

CAS. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

BRU. Lucilius,
Do you the like; and let no man, Lucilius,
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Within the Tent.*

LUCIUS, and Titinius, at the Door:

Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS.

CAS. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,

For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted of.

BRU. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

CAS. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRU. And let me tell you, *Cassius*, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

CAS. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are *Brutus* that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRU. The name of *Cassius* honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CAS. Chastisement!

BRU. Remember *March*, the ides of *March* remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

CAS. *Brutus*, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRU. Go to ; you are not *Cassius*.

CAS. I am.

BRU. I say, you are not.

CAS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

BRU. Away, slight man !

CAS. Is't possible ?

BRU. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?

Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

CAS. O ye gods, ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

BRU. All this ? Ay, more : Fret, 'till your proud heart
Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are, [break ;
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CAS. Is it come to this ?

BRU. You say, you are a better soldier :

Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CAS. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, *Brutus* ;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say, better ?

BRU. If you did, I care not, [me.

CAS. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd

BRU. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted

CAS. I durst not ? [him.

BRU. No.

CAS. What, durst not tempt him?

BRU. For your life you durst not.

CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRU. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts,
Dash him to pieces!

CAS. I deny'd you not.

BRU. You did.

CAS. I did not: he was but a fool, [heart:
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

BRU. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

CAS. You love me not.

BRU. I do not like your faults.

CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRU. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

CAS. Come, *Antony*, and, young *Octavius*, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is aweary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and con'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is † my dagger,
And here † my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than *Plutus*' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou beest a *Roman*, take it forth ;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou did'st at *Cæsar* ; for, I know,
When thou did'st hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*,

BRU. Sheath your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

CAS. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

BRU. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CAS. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

BRU. And my heart too.

CAS. O *Brutus*,—

BRU. What's the matter?

CAS. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful? [Noise within.]

BRU. Yes, *Cassius*; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [within] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

LUC. [at the Door.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

CAS. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

CAS. Ha, ha; how vilely does this cynick rhyme?

BRU. Get you hence, firrah; saucy fellow, hence.

CAS. Bear with him, *Brutus*; 'tis his fashion.

BRU. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jingling fools? —
Companion, hence.

CAS. Away, away, be gone. [Exit Poet.]

Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

BRU. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. [you]

CAS. And come yourselves, and bring *Messala* with
Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius, and Titinius.]

BRU. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine. [Exit LUCIUS.]

CAS. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

BRU. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

CAS. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

BRU. No man bears sorrow better:—*Portia* is dead.

CAS. Ha! *Portia*?

BRU. She is dead.

CAS. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so? —
O insupportable and touching loss! —
Upon what sickness?

BRU. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong; — for with her death
That tidings came; — With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

CAS. And dy'd so?

BRU. Even so.

CAS. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with Wine, and Tapers.

BRU. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl of wine: —
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [drinks.]

CAS. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge: —
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*' love. [drinks.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

BRU. Come in, *Titinius*: — Welcome, good *Messala*. —
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

CAS. "*Portia*! art thou gone?"

BRU. "No more, I pray you." —
Messala, I have here † received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards *Philippi*.

MES. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

BRU. With what addition?

MES. That by proscription, and bills of out-lawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators.

BRU. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CAS. Cicero one?

MES. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And that by order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRU. No, Messala.

MES. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRU. Nothing, Messala.

MES. That, methinks, is strange.

BRU. Why ask you? Hear you ought of her in yours?

MES. No, my lord.

BRU. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

MES. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRU. Why, farewell, Portia.— We must dye, Messala:
With meditating that she must dye once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

MES. Even so great men great losses should endure.

CAS. I have as much of this in art as you, [to Bru.
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRU. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CAS. I do not think it good.

BRU. Your reason?

CAS. This it is:

'' by that

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :
 So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
 Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
 Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

BRU. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
 The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
 Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;
 For they have grudg'd us contribution :
 The enemy, marching along by them,
 By them shall make a fuller number up,
 Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;
 From which advantage shall we cut him off,
 If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
 These people at our back.

CAS. Hear me, good brother.

BRU. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
 That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
 Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe ;
 The enemy increaseth every day,
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

CAS. Then, with your will, go on ;
 We'll on ourselves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

BRU. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity ;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say?

CAS. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence. [*Messala* :—

BRU. *Lucius*, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewel, good
Good night, *Titinius* :—Noble, noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

CAS. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, *Brutus*.

BRU. Every thing is well.

CAS. Good night, my lord.

BRU. Good night, good brother.

TIT. MES. Good night, lord *Brutus*.

BRU. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt CAS. TIT. MES.*

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

LUC. Here in the tent.

BRU. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men ;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUC. *Varro*, and *Claudius* !

Enter VARRO, and CLAUDIUS.

VAR. Calls my lord ?

BRU. I pray you, sirs, lye in my tent, and sleep ;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother *Cassius*. [*pleasure,*

VAR. So please you, we will stand, and watch your

BRU. I will not have it so: lye down, good sirs ;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

[*Servants retire, and sleep.*

Look, *Lucius*, here's † the book I sought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

LUC. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

BRU. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

LUC. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

BRU. It does, my boy :
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUC. It is my duty, sir.

BRU. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUC. I have slept, my lord, already.

BRU. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again,
I will not hold thee long : If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a Song : toward*
the End, Lucius falls asleep.

This is a sleepy tune : — O murd'rous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee musick ? — Gentle knave, good night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.

[*lays the Instrument by, and sits down.*

Let me see, let me see ; Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns ! — Ha ! who comes here ?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me : — Art thou any thing ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil ;

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Gho. Thy evil spirit, *Brutus*.

BRU. Why com'st thou ?

Gho. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

BRU. Well; Then I shall see thee again ?

Gho. Ay, at *Philippi*.

BRU. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then.

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy, *Lucius*! — *Varro*! *Claudius*! — Sirs, awake! —
Claudius!

LUC. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRU. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

LUC. My lord. [*waking*.]

BRU. Did'st thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so cry'dst

LUC. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRU. Yes, that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

LUC. Nothing, my lord.

BRU. Sleep again, *Lucius*. — Sirrah, *Claudius*!

Fellow thou, awake.

VAR. My lord.

CLA. My lord.

BRU. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

VAR. CLA. Did we, my lord?

BRU. Ay; Saw you any thing?

VAR. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLA. Nor I, my lord.

BRU. Go and commend me to my brother *Cassius*;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

VAR. CLA. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

OCT. Now, *Antony*, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

ANT. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

ANT. *Octavius*, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCT. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

ANT. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OCT. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*]

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;*
LUCILIUS, Titinius, MESSALA, and Others, attending.

BRU. They stand, and would have parley.

CAS. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

OCT. Mark *Antony*, shall we give sign of battle?

ANT. No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

OCT. Stir not until the signal. [to his Troops.

BRU. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

OCT. Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRU. Good words are better than bad strokes, *Octavius*.

ANT. In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar*'s heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

CAS. *Antony*,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, you rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeyless.

ANT. Not stingleless too.

BRU. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stoln their buzzing, *Antony*,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

ANT. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of *Cæsar*:
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing *Cæsar*'s feet;
Whilst damned *Casca*, like a cur, behind,
Strook *Cæsar* on the neck. O flatterers!

CAS. Flatterers!—Now, *Brutus*, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd. [sweat,

OCT. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, † I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, 'till *Cæsar*'s three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd ; or 'till another *Cæsar*
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRU. *Cæsar*, thou can'st not dye by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCT. So I hope;
I was not born to dye on *Brutus*' sword.

BRU. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.

CAS. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

ANT. Old *Cassius* still.

OCT. Come, *Antony*; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and Army.*

CAS. Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and swim,
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. [bark :

BRU. *Lucilius* ; hark, a word with you.

LUC. My lord. [they converse apart.

CAS. *Messala*, —

MES. What says my general ?

CAS. *Messala*,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala* :

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,

As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,

And his opinion : now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from *Sardis*, on our former ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
 Who to *Philippi* here consoled us:
 This morning are they fled away, and gone;
 And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MES. Believe not so.

CAS. I but believe it partly;
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
 To meet all perils very constantly.

BRU. Even so, *Lucilius*.

CAS. Now, most noble *Brutus*,
 The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
 Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together:
 What are you then determin'd to do?

BRU. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
 By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
 Which he did give himself;—I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The term of life:—arming myself with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high powers,
 That govern us below.

CAS. Then, if we lose this battle,

You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of *Rome*?

BRU. No, *Cassius*, no: think not, thou noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of *March* begun;
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:

For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius*!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

CAS. For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus*!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

BRU. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho; away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Enter

BRUTUS, and Messala.

BRU. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride, and give these † bills
Unto the legions on the other side:

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in *Octavius*' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Messala*; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS, and TITINIUS.

CAS. O, look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

TIT. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by *Antony* are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

PIN. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

CAS. This hill is far enough. — Look, look, *Titinius*;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

TIT. They are, my lord.

CAS. *Titinius*, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon' troops are friend or enemy.

TIT. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[Exit TITINIUS.]

CAS. Go, *Pindarus*, get thither on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[Exit PINDARUS.]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news?

PIN. *[within.]* O my lord!

CAS. What news?

PIN. *[within.]* *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur; —

Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him :—
Titinius!—Now some light :—O, he lights too :—
 He's ta'en ; and, hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down,
 Behold no more.—
 O, coward that I am, to live so long,
 To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, firrah :
 In *Parthia* did I take thee prisoner ;
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
 Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath ;
 Now be a free-man ; and, with this good sword,
 That ran through *Cæsar's* bowels, search this bosom.
 Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the hilts ;
 And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
 Guide thou the sword. — *Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*dies.*

PIN. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
 Durst I have done my will. O *Cassius!*
 Far from this country *Pindarus* shall run,
 Where never *Roman* shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

MES. It is but change, *Titinius* ; for *Octavius*
 Is overthrown by noble *Brutus'* power,
 As *Cassius'* legions are by *Antony.*

TIT. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius.*

MES. Where did you leave him ?

TIT. All disconsolate,
 With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.

MES. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ?

TIT. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MES. Is not that he?

TIT. No, this was he, *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more.—O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood *Cassius*' day is set;
The sun of *Rome* is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

MES. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

TIT. Why, *Pindarus*! Where art thou, *Pindarus*?

MES. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilst I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenom'd,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this fight.

TIT. Hye you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while.

[Exit MESSALA.]

Why did'st thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this † wreath of victory, [shouts?
And bid me give it thee? Did'st thou not hear their
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding. — *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*. —

By your leave, gods: — This is a *Roman's* part;
Come, *Cassius's* sword, and find *Titinius's* heart. [*dies.*

Re-enter MESSALA, with Lucilius, BRUTUS,
young CATO, and Others.

BRU. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his body lye?

MES. Lo, yonder; and *Titinius* mourning it.

BRU. *Titinius's* face is upward.

y. C. He is slain.

BRU. O *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet;
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

y. C. Brave *Titinius*! —

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*!

BRU. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these? —

Thou last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well!

It is impossible, that ever *Rome*

Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay. —

I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time. —

Come, therefore, and to *Thassos* send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us. — *Lucilius*, come; —

And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field. —

Labeo, and *Flavius*, set our battles on: —

'Tis three o'clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter, fighting, *Soldiers of both Armies*;
then, *BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.*

17 The last 22 *Tharsus* 23 Funeralls

BRU. Yet, countrymen, o, yet, hold up your heads!
y. C. What bastard doth not?—Who will go with me?
 I will proclaim my name about the field:—
 I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho,
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
 I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

[charges the retiring Enemy.
BRU. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for *Brutus*!
 [charges them in another Part, and Exit,
 driving them in. The Party charg'd by
Cato rally, and Cato falls.

LUC. O young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
 Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as *Titinius*;
 And may'st be honour'd being *Cato's* son.

1. *S.* Yield, or thou dy'st.

LUC. Only I yield to dye:
 There is † so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
 Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

1. *S.* We must not, sir. — A noble prisoner!

2. *S.* Room, ho! Tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1. *S.* I'll tell the news, — Here comes the general:—

Enter **ANTONY**.

Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my lord,

ANT. Where is he? [they show *Lucilius*,

LUC. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*;
 The gods defend him from so great a shame!
 When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

ANT. This is not *Brutus*, friend; but, I assure you,

22 tell thee newes

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness: I had rather have
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
 And see whe'r *Brutus* be alive, or dead:
 And bring us word, unto *Octavius*' tent,
 How every thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,
 and VOLUMNIUS.

BRU. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

CLI. *Statilius* shew'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
 He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

BRU. Sit thee down, *Clitus*: Slaying is the word;
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*.

[whispering him in the ear.

CLI. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRU. Peace then, no words,

CLI. I'll rather kill myself.

BRU. Hark thee, *Dardanius*.

[whispers him.

DAR. I do such a deed!

CLI. O *Dardanius*!

DAR. O *Clitus*!

CLI. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

DAR. To kill him, *Clitus*: Look, he meditates.

CLI. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
 That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRU. Come hither, good *Volumnius*; list a word.

VOL. What says my lord?

BRU. Why, this, *Volumnius*:

The ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night: at *Sardis*, once;

And, this last night, here in *Philippi*'s fields :
I know, my hour is come.

VOL. Not so, my lord.

BRU. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou see'st the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit : *[low Alarums.*
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry 'till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together ;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, whil'st I run on it.

VOL. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarums still.

CLI. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here.

BRU. Farewel to you ;—and you ;—and you, *Vo-*
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ; *[lumnius.—*
Farewel to thee too, *Strato*.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once ; for *Brutus*' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history :
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarums. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.

CLI. Fly, my lord, fly.

BRU. Hence, I will follow thee.

[Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.

I pr'ythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy lord :

Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;

21 Sword Hilt, 27 to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen ;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

STR. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

BRU. Farewel, good *Strato*. — *Cæsar*, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*runs upon his Sword, and dies.*

Alarums. Retreat.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army;

LUCILIUS, and MESSALA.

OCT. What man is that?

MES. My master's man. — *Strato*, where is thy master?

STR. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala*;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

LUC. So *Brutus* should be found. — I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius*' saying true.

OCT. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them. —
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STR. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

OCT. Do so, *Messala*.

MES. How dy'd my master, *Strato*?

STR. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

MES. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

ANT. This was the noblest *Roman* of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great *Cæsar*;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements

22 Do so, good *Mes-*

So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*

Ocr. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lye,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *[Exeunt.]*

ANTONY

and

CLEOPATRA.

Persons represented.

Octavius Cæsar,
Marcus Antonius,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs.*
Sextus Pompeius.

Mecænas, Agrippa, Taurus,
Thyreus, Dolabella, [Gallus,]
and Proculeius, Cæsarians :

Messengers, three ; Soldiers, six ; the same.

Demetrius, Philo, Enobarbus,
Ventidius, Silius, Canidius,
Scarus, Euphronius, Eros,
and Dercetas, Antonians :

Attendants, five ; Messengers, six ;

Soldiers (or Guards) nine ; the same.

Varrius, Menas, and Menecrates, *Friends*
to Pompey : Servants of the same, two.

A Soothsayer.

Alexas, Mardian *an Eunuch,*
Seleucus, Diomedes, *and Clown,*
Attendants upon Cleopatra.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt.*

Octavia, *Wife to Antony.*

Charmian, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
Iras,

Other Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, dispers'd ; in several Parts
of the Roman Empire.

ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria.

A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS, and PHILO.

PHI. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'er-flows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. — Look, where they come:

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and
their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

CLE. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

ANT. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

CLE. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd. [earth.]

ANT. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from *Rome*.

ANT. 'T' grates me : — The sum.

CLE. Nay, hear them *Antony* :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

ANT. How, my love !

CLE. Perchance ? Nay, and most like : —

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from *Cæsar* ; therefore hear it, *Antony*. —
Where's *Fulvia*'s process ? — *Cæsar*'s, I would say ? —
Call in the messengers. — As I am *Egypt*'s queen, [Both ?
Thou blushest, *Antony* ; and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsar*'s homager : so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. — The messengers.

ANT. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt ! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall ! Here † is my space ;
Kingdoms are clay : Our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do † thus ; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do't ; in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

CLE. Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her ? —
I seem the fool I am not ; *Antony*

Antony and Cleopatra,

3

Will be himself.

ANT. But, stir'd by *Cleopatra*, —

Now, for the love of love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh !
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

CLE. Hear the ambassadors.

ANT. Fie, wrangling queen !

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !
No messenger, but thine ; And all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it : Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and *Train*.

DEM. Is *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight ?

PHI. Sir, sometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with *Antony*.

DEM. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at *Rome* : But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy ! [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN,
Soothsayer, and Others.

CHA. ——— *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*,
Most any thing *Alexas*, nay, almost
Most absolute *Alexas*, where's the soothsayer
That you prais'd so to the queen ?

3 and her soft

G 2

O, that I knew this husband, which, you say,
Must charge his horns with garlands!

ALE. Soothsayer, —

Soo. Your will?

CHA. Is this the man? — Is't you, sir, that know things?

Soo. In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read.

ALE. Shew him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENO. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink. *[to some within.]*

CHA. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Soo. I make not, but foresee.

CHA. Pray then, foresee me one.

Soo. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHA. He means, in flesh.

IRA. No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHA. Wrinkles forbid!

ALE. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

CHA. Hush!

[to Iras.]

Soo. You shall be more loving, than belov'd.

CHA. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

ALE. Nay, hear him.

CHA. Good now, some excellent fortune: Let me be
marry'd to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them
all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of
Jewry may do homage: find me to marry with *Octavius*
Cesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Soo. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHA. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Soo. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

CHA. Then, belike, my children shall have no names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Soo. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertil every wish, a million!

CHA. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

ALE. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

CHA. Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers.

ALE. We'll know all our fortunes.

ENO. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be — drunk to bed.

IRA. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

CHA. E'en as the o'er-flowing *Nilus* presageth famine.

IRA. Go, you wild bed-fellow, you cannot soothsay,

CHA. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. — Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Soo. Your fortunes are alike.

IRA. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Soo. I have said.

IRA. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHA. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

IRA. Not in my husband's nose.

CHA. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! — *Alexas* — come, his fortune, his fortune. — O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee! And let her dye too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good *Isis*,

hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight ; good *Isis*, I beseech thee !

IRA. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people ! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded ; Therefore, dear *Isis*, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly !

CHA. Amen.

ALE. Lo, now ! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

ENO. Hush ! here comes *Antony*.

CHA. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

CLE. Saw you my lord ?

ENO. No, lady.

CLE. Was he not here ?

CHA. No, madam.

CLE. He was dispos'd to mirth ; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath strook him. — *Enobarbus*, —

ENO. Madam.

[*Alexas* ?

CLE. Seek him, and bring him hither. — Where's

ALE. Here, lady, at your service. — My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger ;

Attendants following.

CLE. We will not look upon him ; Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,*

IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and the rest.

Mes. *Fulvia* thy wife first came into the field.

ANT. Against my brother *Lucius* ?

Mes. Ay : but soon

That war had end, and the time's state made friends

Of them, jointing their forces against *Cæsar* ;
Whose better issue in the war from *Italy*,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

ANT. Well,

What worst ?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANT. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On :
Things, that are past, are done, with me : 'Tis thus ;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lye death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. *Labienus*

(This is stiff news)
Hath with his *Parthian* force, through extended *Asia*,
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner shook,
From *Syria*, to *Lydia*, and *Ionia* ;
Whilst—

ANT. Antony, thou would'st say, —

Mes. O my lord !

ANT. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue ;
Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in *Rome* :
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lye still ; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mes. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.

ANT. From *Sicyon* how the news ? Speak there.

1. *A.* The man from *Sicyon*, — Is there such a one ?

2. *A.* He stays upon your will.

ANT. Let him appear. —

These strong *Egyptian* fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

Mes. *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

ANT. Where dy'd she?

Mes. In *Sicyon*:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this ∇ bears.

ANT. Forbear me. [*Exit Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone: Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch—Ho! *Enobarbus*!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENO. What's your pleasure, sir.

ANT. I must with haste from hence.

ENO. Why, then we kill all our women: We see how
mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our de-
parture, death's the word.

ANT. I must be gone.

ENO. Under a compelling occasion, let women dye:
It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though,
between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd
nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the least noise of this,
dyes instantly; I have seen her dye twenty times upon
far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death,
which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such
a celerity in dying.

ANT. She is cunning past man's thought.

ENO. Alack, fir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as *Jove*.

ANT. Would I had never seen her!

ENO. O, fir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

ANT. *Fulvia* is dead.

ENO. Sir?

ANT. *Fulvia* is dead.

ENO. *Fulvia*?

ANT. Dead.

ENO. Why, fir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that, when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

ANT. The business she hath broached in the state Cannot endure my absence.

ENO. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your abode.

ANT. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose: I shall break

The cause of our expedience to the queen,
 And get her love to part. For not alone
 The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,
 Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
 Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*
 Petition us at home: *Sextus Pompeius*
 Hath given the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands
 The empire of the sea: our slippery people
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
 'Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

ENO. I shall do't. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter *CLEOPATRA*, *CHARMIAN*, *Irás*, and *Alexas*.

CLE. Where is he?

CHA. I did not see him since.

CLE. Seewhere he is, who's with him, what he does;—
 I did not send you;— If you find him sad,
 Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[Exit *Alexas*.

CHA. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
 You do not hold the method to enforce

The like from him.

CLE. What should I do, I do not?

CHA. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

CLE. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

CHA. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY,

But here comes *Antony*.

CLE. I am sick, and fullen.

ANT. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

CLE. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall;

It cannot be thus long, the fides of nature
Will not sustain it.

ANT. Now, my dearest queen,—

CLE. Pray you, stand farther from me.

ANT. What's the matter?

CLE. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news:

What says the marry'd woman? You may go;

Would, she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,

I have no power upon you; hers you are,

ANT. The gods best know,—

CLE. O, never was there queen

So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,

I saw the treasons planted.

ANT. *Cleopatra*,—

CLE. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to *Fulvia*? Riotous madness,

To be entangl'd with those mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing!

ANT. Most sweet queen,—

CLE. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
 But bid farewell, and go : when you sh'd stay,
 Then was the time for words : No going then ;
 Eternity was in our lips, and eyes ;
 Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor,
 But was a race of heaven : They are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest foldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANT. How now, lady !

CLE. I would, I had thy inches ; thou should'st know,
 There were a heart in *Egypt*.

ANT. Hear me, queen :
 The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services a while ; but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our *Italy*
 Shines o'er with civil swords : *Sextus Pompeius*
 Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome* :
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated, grown to strength,
 Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd *Pompey*,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change : My more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my going,
 Is *Fulvia's* death. [freedom,

CLE. Though age from folly could not give me
 It does from childishness ; Can *Fulvia* dye ?

ANT. She's dead, my queen :
 Look here †, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
 The garboils she awak'd ; at the last, best :

See, when, and where she dy'd.

CLE. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In *Fulvia's* death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

ANT. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advices: By the fire
That quickens *Nilus'* slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

CLE. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come;—
But let it be; I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Antony* loves.

ANT. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

CLE. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to *Egypt*: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

ANT. You'll heat my blood; no more.

CLE. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

ANT. Now, by my sword,—

CLE. And target,— Still he mends;
But this is not the best:— Look, pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.

ANT. I'll leave you, lady.

CLE. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, — but that's not it :
 Sir, you and I have lov'd, — but there's not it ;
 That you know well : Something it is I would, —
 O, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
 And I am all-forgotten.

ANT. But that your royalty
 Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
 For idleness itself.

CLE. 'Tis sweating labour,
 To bear such idleness so near the heart
 As *Cleopatra* this. But, sir, forgive me ;
 Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
 Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;
 Therefore be deaf to my unpity'd folly,
 And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword
 Sit laurel'd victory ! and smooth success
 Be strew'd before your feet !

ANT. Let us go. Come ;
 Our separation so abides, and flies,
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
 Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter Octavius CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and their Trains.

CÆS. You may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
[giving him a Letter to read.]

It is not *Cæsar's* natural vice to hate
 One great competitor : From *Alexandria*
 This is the news, He fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike
 Than *Cleopatra* ; nor the queen of *Ptolemy*

More womanly than he : hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

LEP. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

CÆS. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Antony*
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness: If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound such time,—
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

LEP. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble *Cæsar*, shalt thou have report

How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at sea;
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd *Cæsar*: to the ports
 The discontents repair, and mens' reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

CÆS. I should have known no less:—
 It hath been taught us from the primal state,
 That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
 Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. *Cæsar*, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
 With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
 They make in *Italy*; the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen; for *Pompey's* name strikes more,
 Than could his war resisted.

CÆS. *Antony*,
 Leave thy lascivious wassails: When thou once
 Wert beaten from *Modena*, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa*, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer: thou did'st drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign

¹⁰ Comes fear'd ¹² lacking ¹⁷ Makes ²⁵ Vassailles ²⁶ *Medena*

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the *Alps*,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did dye to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was born so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

LEP. 'Tis pity of him.

CÆS. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*: Time is it, that we twain
Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleness.

LEP. To-morrow, *Cæsar*,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

CÆS. 'Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewel. [time

LEP. Farewel, my lord: What you shall know mean
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

CÆS. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, supporting herself on Iras;

CHARMIAN, and MARDIAN, following.

CLE. Charmian, —

CHA. Madam.

CLE. Ha, ha, — Give me to drink mandragora.

CHA. Why, madam?

CLE. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.

CHA. You think of him
Too much.

CLE. O! — Treason!

CHA. Madam, I trust, not so.

CLE. Thou, eunuch, *Mardian*, —

MAR. What's your highness' pleasure?

CLE. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In ought an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unfeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Egypt*. Hast thou affections?

MAR. Yes, gracious madam.

CLE. Indeed?

MAR. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

CLE. O *Charmian*,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? Or is he on his horse? —
O happy horse, to bear the weight of *Antony*!
Do bravely, horse; For wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. — He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile*?
For so he calls me; — Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison: — Think on me,
That am with *Phæbus*' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkl'd deep in time? Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch: and great *Pompey*
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

ALE. Sovereign of *Egypt*, hail!

CLE. How much unlike art thou *Mark Antony*!
Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee. —

How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?

ALE. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubl'd kisses,
This orient pearl †; His speech sticks in my heart.

CLE. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALE. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, The firm *Roman* to great *Egypt* sends
This treasure of an oister: at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed;
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

CLE. What, was he sad, or merry?

ALE. Like to the time o'the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

CLE. O well-divided disposition! — Note him,
Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man, but note him:
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Egypt* with his joy: but between both:

O heavenly mingle! — Be'st thou sad, or merry;
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else. — Met'st thou my posts?

ALE. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

CLE. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to *Antony*,
Shall dye a beggar. — Ink and paper, *Charmian*. —
Welcome, my good *Alexas*. — Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæsar* so?

CHA. O that brave *Cæsar*!

CLE. Be choak'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave *Antony*.

CHA. The valiant *Cæsar*!

CLE. By *Isis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæsar* paragon again
My man of men.

CHA. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

CLE. My fallad days;
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood;
To say, as I said then! — But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople *Egypt*. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Messina. A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

POM. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

MENE. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

POM. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, delay's
The thing we sue for.

MENE. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good : so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

POM. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. *Mark Antony*
In *Egypt* sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : *Cæsar* gets money, where
He loses hearts : *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

MENE. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus*
Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

POM. Where had you this ? 'tis false.

MENE. From *Silvius*, sir.

POM. He dreams ; I know, they are in *Rome* together,
Looking for *Antony* : But all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wan lip ;
Let witch-craft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tye up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming ; *Epicurean* cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,

Enter VARRIUS.

Even 'till a lethe'd dulness.—How now, *Varrius* ?

VAR. This is most certain that I shall deliver :

Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected ; since he went from *Egypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

POM. I could have given less matter
A better ear. — *Menas*, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war : his soldier'ship
Is twice the other twain : But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Egypt*'s widow pluck
The ne'er lust-weary'd *Antony*.

MEN. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Antony* shall well greet together :
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar* ;
His brother war'd upon him ; although, I think,
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

POM. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves ;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know :
Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, *Menas*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rome. A Room in Lepidus' House.*

Enter *ENOBARBUS*, and *LEPIDUS*.

LEP. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your captain

To soft and gentle speech.

ENO. I shall intreat him

To answer like himself: if *Cæsar* move him,

Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar*'s head,

And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,

Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,

I would not shave't to-day.

LEP. 'Tis not a time

For private stomaching.

ENO. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

LEP. But small to greater matters must give way.

ENO. Not if the small come first.

LEP. Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes

The noble *Antony*.

Enter ANTONY, and Ventidius.

ENO. And yonder *Cæsar*.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

ANT. If we compose well here, to *Parthia*:

Hark you, *Ventidius*,

CÆS. I do not know,

Mecænas; ask *Agrippa*.

LEP. Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,

May it be gently heard: When we debate

Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,

(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,

Nor curstness grow to the matter.

ANT. 'Tis spoken well :
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

CÆS. Welcome to *Rome*.

ANT. Thank you.

CÆS. Sit.

ANT. Sit, sir.

CÆS. Nay, then.

ANT. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so ;
Or, being, concern you not.

CÆS. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended ; and with you
Chiefly i'the world : more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

ANT. My being in *Egypt*, *Cæsar*,
What was't to you ?

CÆS. No more than my residing here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Egypt* : Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in *Egypt*
Might be my question.

ANT. How intend you, practise'd ?

CÆS. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me : Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was them'd for you, you were the word of war.

ANT. You do mistake your business ; my brother never
Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours ;

And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you have not to make it with)
It must not be with this.

CÆS. You praise yourself,
By laying to me defects of judgment: but
You patch'd up your excuses.

ANT. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, That I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

ENO. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women.

ANT. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

CÆS. I wrote to you,
When, rioting in *Alexandria*, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

ANT. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,

I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

CÆs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEP. Soft, *Cæsar*.

ANT. No,

Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it:—but on, *Cæsar*;
The article of my oath,—

CÆs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both deny'd.

ANT. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Egypt*, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

LEP. 'Tis nobly spoken.

MEC. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speak to atone you.

LEP. Worthily spoken, *Mecænas*.

ENO. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the

instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

ANT. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

ENO. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot. [more.]

ANT. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no

ENO. Go to then; your confederate stone.

CÆS. I do not much dislike the manner, but
The matter of his speech : for't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O'the world I would pursue it.

AGR. Give me leave, Cæsar, —

CÆS. Speak, Agrippa.

AGR. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower:

CÆS. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

ANT. I am not marry'd, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

AGR. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,

⁹ the matter, but | The manner ²⁰ not, say Agr- ²¹ your proofs

And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing : truths would then be tales,
 Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
 Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
 For 'tis a study'd, not a present thought,
 By duty ruminated.

ANT. Will *Cæsar* speak ?

CÆS. Not 'till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd
 With what is spoke already.

ANT. What power is in *Agrippa*,
 If I would say, *Agrippa*, be it so,
 To make this good ?

CÆS. The power of *Cæsar*, and
 His power unto *Octavia*.

ANT. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
 Dream of impediment !— Let me have thy hand ;
 Further this act of grace ; And, from this hour,
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
 And sway our great designs !

CÆS. There is my hand.
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly : Let her live
 To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
 Fly off our loves again !

LEP. Happily ! Amen.

ANT. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst *Pompey* ;
 For he hath lay'd strange courtesies, and great,
 Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;
 At heel of that, defy him.

LEP. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be fought,
Or else he seeks out us.

ANT. Where lies he, Caesar?

CÆS. About the mount *Misenum*.

ANT. What's his strength
By land?

CÆS. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

ANT. So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

CÆS. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

ANT. Let us, *Lepidus*,
Not lack your company.

LEP. Noble *Antony*,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*]

MEC. Welcome from *Egypt*, sir.

ENO. Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecænas*! —
my honourable friend, *Agrippa*!

AGR. Good *Enobarbus*!

MEC. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested. You stay'd well by it in *Egypt*.

ENO. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

MEC. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast,
and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

ENO. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much

more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

MEC. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

ENO. When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purf'd up his heart, upon the river of *Cydnus*.

AGR. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter Devis'd well for her.

ENO. I will tell you, sir:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lye
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The fancy out-work nature; on each side her
Stood pretty dimpl'd boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

AGR. O, rare for *Antony*!

ENO. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge,
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense

Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her: and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i'the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in nature.

AGR. Rare *Egyptian*!

ENO. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she intreated: Our courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

AGR. Royal wench!

She made great *Cæsar* lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

ENO. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted;
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breath forth.

MEC. Now *Antony*

Must leave her utterly.

ENO. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A blest allottery to him.

Ag. Let us go.—

Good *Enobarbus*, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*
Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;
Attendants behind, and Soothfayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Oct. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.

Oct. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, OCTAVIA, and Attendants.*]

Ant. Now, firrah! you do wish yourself in *Egypt*?

Soo. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Soo. I see it in

My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hye you again to *Egypt*.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, *Cæsar's*, or mine?

3 blessed Lottery 15 bowe my prayers 30 to *Egypt* againe

Soo. *Cæsar's.*

Therefore, o *Antony*, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæsar's* is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'er-power'd; and therefore
Make space enough between you.

ANT. Speak this no more.

Soo. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

ANT. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to *Parthia*. Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, in whoop'd-at odds. I will to *Egypt*:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, *Ventidius*,

Enter Ventidius.

You must to *Parthia*; your commission's ready:

Follow me, and receive't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

¹⁵ always ²⁵ (in whoop't) at odd's

Enter LEPIDUS, *attended*; MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

LEP. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

AGR. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

LEP. 'Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

MEC. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the mount
Before you, Lepidus.

LEP. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

MEC. AGR. Sir, good success!

LEP. Farewel. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, Iras, and Alexas.

CLE. Give me some musick; musick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Att. The musick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

CLE. Let it alone; let us to billiards: — come,
Charmian.

CHA. My arm is fore, best play with Mardian.

CLE. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman: — Come, you'll play with me, sir?

MAR. As well as I can, madam. [too short,

CLE. And when good will is shew'd, though 't come
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now: —
Give me mine angle, — We'll to the river: there,
My musick playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-fin'd fishes: my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

CHA. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

CLE. That time!—o times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword *Philippan*. O, from *Italy*;—

Enter a Messenger.

Rain thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam, madam,—

CLE. *Antony's* dead:—If thou say so,
Villain, thou kill'st thy mistress: but well, and free,
If thou so yield him, there is † gold, and here †
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lip'd, and trembl'd kissing.

Mes. First, madam, he is well.

[We use

CLE. Why, there's more † gold. But, sirrah, mark;
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good madam, hear me.

CLE. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If *Antony*
Be free, and healthful, why so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mef. Will't please you hear me?

CLE. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet if thou say, *Antony* lives, is well,
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

CLE. Well said.

Mef. And friends with *Cæsar*.

CLE. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mef. *Cæsar* and he are greater friends than ever.

CLE. Mark thee a fortune from me.

Mef. But yet, madam, —

CLE. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay

The good precedence; fie upon *but yet*:

But yet is as a jailer to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: He's friends with *Cæsar*;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

CLE. For what good turn?

Mef. For the best turn i' the bed.

CLE. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Mef. Madam, he's marry'd to *Octavia*.

CLE. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good madam, patience.

CLE. What say you? [*striking him again.*] Hence,
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mes. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

CLE. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's marry'd, madam.

CLE. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*draws a Dagger.*]

Mes. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

CHA. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

CLE. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.—
Melt *Egypt* into *Nile*! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.

CHA. He is afraid to come.

CLE. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir:

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message

An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mef. I have but done my duty.

CLE. Is he marry'd?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, yes.

Mef. He's marry'd, madam.

[*still?*]

CLE. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there.

Mef. Should I lye, madam?

CLE. O, I would, thou didst;

So half my *Egypt* were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is marry'd?

Mef. I crave your highness' pardon.

CLE. He is marry'd?

Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He's marry'd to *Octavia*.

CLE. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That say'st but what thou art sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandize, which thou hast brought from *Rome*,
Are all too dear for me; Lye they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em!

[*Exit Messenger.*]

CHA. Good your highness, patience.

CLE. In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cæsar*.

CHA. Many times, madam.

CLE. I am pay'd for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O *Iras*, *Charmian*, — 'Tis no matter: —

Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*; bid him

Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.

[Exit Alexas.]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not, *Charmian*;
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other way's a *Mars*:—Bid you *Alexas* [to *Mardian*.
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, *Charmian*,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

SCENE VI. Country near Misenum.

*Flourish. Enter, from opposite Sides, POMPEY,
MENAS, and Others; CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
ENOBARBUS, and Others.*

POM. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

CÆS. Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tye up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

POM. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since *Julius Cæsar*,
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,

To drench the capitol; but that they would
 Have one man but a man? And that is it,
 Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
 The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
 To scourge the ingratitude that despightful *Rome*
 Cast on my noble father.

CÆS. Take your time.

ANT. Thou can'st not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy fails,
 We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
 How much we do o'er-count thee.

POM. At land, indeed,
 Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
 Remain in't, as thou may'st.

LEP. Be pleas'd to tell us,
 (For this is from the present) how you take
 The offers we have sent you.

CÆS. There's the point.

ANT. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
 What it is worth embrac'd:

CÆS. And what may follow,
 To try a larger fortune.

POM. You have made me offer
 Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I must
 Rid all the sea of pirates: then, to send
 Measures of wheat to *Rome*: This 'greed upon,
 'To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
 Our targe undinted.

CÆS. ANT, LEP. That's our offer.

POM. Know then,
 I came before you here, a man prepar'd
 'To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*

Put me to some impatience : — Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When *Cæsar* and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

ANT. I have heard it, *Pompey*;
And am well study'd for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

POM. Let me have your hand :
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

ANT. The beds i'the east are soft : and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gain'd by't.

CÆS. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

POM. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

LEP. Well met here.

POM. I hope so, *Lepidus*. — Thus we are agreed :
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

CÆS. That's the next to do.

POM. We'll feast each other, ere we part ; and let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.

ANT. That will I, *Pompey*.

POM. No, noble *Antony*, take the lot : but, first,
Or last, your fine *Egyptian* cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that *Julius Cæsar*
Grew fat with feasting there.

ANT. You have heard much.

POM. I have fair meaning, sir.

ANT. And fair words to them.

POM. Then so much have I heard. And I have heard,
Apollodorus carry'd —

ENO. No more of that: — He did so.

POM. What, I pray you?

ENO. A certain queen to *Cæsar* in a matrefs.

POM. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?

ENO. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

POM. Let me shake thy hand;

I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envy'd thy behaviour.

ENO. Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

POM. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee. —

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

CÆS. ANT. LEP. Shew us the way, sir.

POM. Come. [*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY,
LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*]

MEN. Thy father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made
this treaty. — You and I have known, sir.

ENO. At sea, I think.

MEN. We have, sir.

ENO. You have done well by water.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. I will praise any man that will praise me: though

it cannot be deny'd, what I have done by land.

MEN. Nor what I have done by water.

ENO. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, *Menas*; If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

MEN. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

ENO. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

MEN. No slander; they steal hearts.

ENO. We came hither to fight with you.

MEN. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

ENO. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

MEN. You have said, sir. We look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; Pray you, is he marry'd to *Cleopatra*?

ENO. *Cæsar's* sister is call'd *Octavia*.

MEN. True, sir; she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

ENO. But now she is the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

MEN. Pray you, sir, —

ENO. 'Tis true.

MEN. Then is *Cæsar*, and he, for ever knit together.

ENO. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

MEN. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

ENO. I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

MEN. Who would not have his wife so?

ENO. Not he, that himself is not so; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Egyptian* dish again: then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæsar*; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will use his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occasion here.

MEN. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

ENO. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in *Egypt*.

MEN. Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Aboard Pompey's Galley, off Misenum.

Under a Pavilion upon Deck, a Banquet set out:

Musick: Servants attending.

1. *S.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2. *S.* *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1. *S.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2. *S.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1. *S.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2. *S.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1. *S.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be,

which pitifully disaſter the cheeks.

Musick plays. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, MENAS, ENOBARBUS, and Others.

ANT. Thus do they, ſir, [*to Cæs.*] They take the ſlow
By certain ſcales i' the pyramid; they know, [o' the Nile,
By the height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow: The higher Nilus ſwells,
The more it promiſes: as it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

LEP. You've ſtrange ſerpents there.

ANT. Ay, *Lepidus*.

LEP. Your ſerpent of *Egypt* is bred now of your mud
by the operation of the ſun: ſo is your crocodile.

ANT. They are ſo.

POM. Sit,—and ſome wine.—A health to *Lepidus*.

LEP. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be, but I'll ne'er
out.

ENO. “Not 'till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be
“in 'till then.”

LEP. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolemies'* py-
ramiſes are very goodly things; without contradiction, I
have heard that.

MEN. “*Pompey*, a word.”

POM. “Say in mine ear; What is't?”

MEN. “Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, captain,”
“And hear me ſpeak a word.” [*plaus.*]

POM. “Forbear me 'till anon.”—This wine for *Le-*

LEP. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

ANT. It is ſhap'd, ſir, like itſelf; and it is as broad as
it hath breadth: it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with
it's own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and,

the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

LEP. What colour is it of?

ANT. Of it's own colour too.

LEP. 'Tis a strange serpent.

ANT. 'Tis so, And the tears of it are wet.

CÆS. "Will this description satisfy him?"

ANT. "With the health that *Pompey* gives him, else he
"is a very epicure." [Away:]

POM. Go, hang, sir, hang: [to Men.] Tell me of that!
Do as I bid you. — Where's this cup I call'd for?

MEN. "If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,"
"Rise from thy stool." ["The matter?"]

POM. I think thou'rt mad. [rising, and stepping aside.]

MEN. "I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes."

POM. "Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's
Be jolly, lords. [else to say?"] —

ANT. These quicksands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, for you sink.

MEN. "Wilt thou be lord of all the world?"

POM. "What say'st thou?" [twice.]

MEN. "Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's

POM. "How should that be?"

MEN. "But entertain it,"

"And, though thou think me poor, I am the man"

"Will give thee all the world."

POM. "Thou hast drunk well."

MEN. "No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup."

"Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:"

"Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,"

"Is thine, if thou wilt ha't."

POM. "Shew me which way."

MEN. "These three world-sharers, these competitors,"

"Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;"

"And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:"

"All then is thine."

POM. "Ah, this thou should'st have done,"

"And not have spoke of it! In me, 'tis villany;"

"In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,"

"'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;"

"Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue"

"Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,"

"I should have found it afterwards well done;"

"But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink."

MEN. "For this," [*looking contemptibly after him.*

"I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more. —"

"Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,"

"Shall never find it more." [*joins the Company.*

POM. This health to *Lepidus*.

ANT. Bear him ashore. — [*to an Attendant.*

I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

ENO. Here's to thee, *Menas*.

MEN. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

POM. Fill, 'till the cup be hid.

[*LEPIDUS born off.*

ENO. There's a strong fellow, *Menas*.

MEN. Why?

ENO. He bears

The third part of the world, man; Seest not? [all,

MEN. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were

That it might go on wheels.

ENO. Drink thou, encrease the reels.

MEN. Come.

POM. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* feast.

ANT. It ripens towards it. — Strike the vessels, ho!

Here is to *Caesar*.

CÆs. I could well forbear't.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

ANT. Be a child o'the time.

CÆs. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather
Fast from all four days, than drink so much in one.

ENO. Ha, my brave emperor! [*to Ant.*] shall we dance
The *Egyptian* bacchanals, and celebrate our drink? [*now*

POM. Let's ha't, good soldier. [*they rise.*

ANT. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate lethe.

ENO. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
in thy vats our cares be drown'd;
with thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
cup us, 'till the world go round,
cup us, 'till the world go round.*

[— Good brother,

CÆs. What would you more?—*Pompey*, good night.
Let me request you, off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue

Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more words? Good night.—

Good *Antony*, your hand.

POM. I'll try you on the shore.

ANT. And shall, fir: give's your hand.

POM. O *Antony*,

You have my father's house,—But what? we are friends:
Come, down into the boat.

ENO. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POM. CÆS. ANT. and Attendants.*

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

[*hear,*

These drums, these trumpets, flutes, what—let *Neptune*

We bid aloud farewell to these great fellows:

Sound, and be hang'd, found out.

[*Flourish of loud Musick.*

ENO. Ho, says'a!—There's my cap.

MEN. Ho, noble captain! Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Plain in Syria.

Enter, as from Conquest, VENTIDIUS,

with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers and Soldiers,
the dead Body of Pacorus born before him.

VEN. Now, darting *Parthia*, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of *Marcus Crassus'* death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Crassus*.

SIL. Noble *Ventidius*,

30 *Orodes*

Whilst yet with *Parthian* blood thy sword is warm,
 The fugitive *Parthians* follow ; spur through *Media*,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
 The routed fly : so thy grand captain *Antony*
 Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
 Put garlands on thy head.

VEN. O *Silius*, *Silius*,
 I have done enough : A lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act : For learn this, *Silius* ;
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed
 Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
Cæsar, and *Antony*, have ever won
 More in their officer, than person : *Soffius*,
 One of my place in *Syria*, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
 Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,
 Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choise of loss,
 Than gain, which darkens him.
 I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
 But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

SIL. Thou hast, *Ventidius*, that,
 Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
 Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to *Antony* ?

VEN. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
 That magical word of war, we have effected ;
 How, with his banners, and his well-pay'd ranks,
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of *Parthia*
 We have jaded out o' the field.

SIL. Where is he now ?

11 when him we

VEN. He purposeth to *Athens*: where, with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.

SCENE II. Rome. *An Anti-room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

AGR. What, are the brothers parted?

ENO. They have dispatch'd with *Pompey*, he is gone;
The other three are seeling. *Octavia* weeps
To part from *Rome*: *Cæsar* is sad; and *Lepidus*,
Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* says, is troubl'd
With the green sickness.

AGR. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

ENO. A very fine one: O, how he loves *Cæsar*!

AGR. Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*!

ENO. *Cæsar*? Why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.

AGR. What's *Antony*? The god of *Jupiter*.

ENO. Spake you of *Cæsar*? O, the non-pareil!

AGR. O *Antony*! O thou *Arabian* bird! [farther.

ENO. Would you praise *Cæsar*, say,—*Cæsar*;—go no

AGR. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

ENO. But he loves *Cæsar* best;—Yet he loves *Antony*:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To *Antony*. But as for *Cæsar*, kneel,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

AGR. Both he loves. [pet within] So,

ENO. They are his shards, and he their beetle: [Trum-
This is to horse:—Adieu, noble *Agrippa*.

AGR. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell!

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

ANT. No farther, sir. [to Cæsar.

* whither with 17 *Ant.* What's 23 Figure,

CÆs. You take from me a great part of myself;
 Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife
 As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest bond
 Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble *Antony*,
 Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
 Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
 To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
 The fortrefs of it: for far better might we
 Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
 This be not cherish'd.

ANT. Make me not offended
 In your distrust.

CÆs. I have said.

ANT. You shall not find,
 Though you be therein curious, the least cause
 For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
 And make the hearts of *Romans* serve your ends!
 We will here part.

CÆs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
 The elements be kind to thee, and make
 Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

OCT. My noble brother,—

ANT. The *April's* in her eyes; It is love's spring,
 And these the showers to bring it on:—Be chearful.

OCT. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

CÆs. What,

Octavia?

OCT. I'll tell you in your ear. [*taking him aside.*]

ANT. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
 Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
 That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
 And neither way inclines.

ENO. "Will *Cæsar* weep?"

AGR. "He has a cloud in's face."

ENO. "He were the worse for that, were he a horse;"
"So is he, being a man."

AGR. "Why, *Enobarbus*?"

"When *Antony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,"

"He cry'd almost to roaring: and he wept,"

"When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain." [rheum;"]

ENO. "That year, indeed, he was troubl'd with a

"What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:"

"Believ't, 'till I weep too."

CÆS. No, sweet *Octavia*, [coming forward.
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

ANT. Come, fir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you †; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

CÆS. Adieu; be happy!

LEP. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

CÆS. Farewel. — Farewel. [kisses *Octavia*.

ANT. Farewel, [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE III. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

CLE. Where is the fellow?

ALE. Half afeard to come.

CLE. Go to, go to: — Come hither, fir.

Enter Messenger.

ALE. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,

But when you are well pleas'd.

CLE. That *Herod's* head

I'll have : But how ? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it. — Come thou near.

Mef. Most gracious majesty, —

CLE. Did'st thou behold

Octavia ?

Mef. Ay, dread queen.

CLE. Where ?

Mef. Madam, in *Rome*

I look'd her in the face ; and saw her led

Between her brother and *Mark Antony*.

CLE. Is she as tall as me ?

Mef. She is not, madam.

[low ?

CLE. Did'st hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak ; she is low-voic'd.

CLE. That's not so good : — he cannot like her long.

CHA. Like her ? O *Isis* ! 'tis impossible. [dwarfish ! —

CLE. I think so, *Charmian* : Dull of tongue, and
What majesty is in her gate ? Remember ;
If e'er thou look'd'st on majesty.

Mef. She creeps ;

Her motion and her station are as one :

She shews a body, rather than a life ;

A statue, than a breather.

CLE. Is this certain ?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

CHA. Three in *Egypt*

Cannot make better note.

CLE. He's very knowing,

I do perceive't : — There's nothing in her yet : —

The fellow has good judgment.

CHA. Excellent.

CLE. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mes. Her years, madam?

She was a widow:

CLE. Widow? — *Charmian*, hark.

Mes. And I do think, she's thirty.

CLE. Bear'st thou her face

In mind? is't long, or round?

Mes. Round, even to faultiness. fo. —

CLE. For the most part too, they are foolish that are
Her hair, what colour?

Mes. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

CLE. There's gold † for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready, while

Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.

CHA. A proper man.

CLE. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much

That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,

This creature's no such thing.

CHA. No, nothing, madam. [know.

CLE. The man hath seen some majesty, and should

CHA. Hath he seen majesty? *Isis* else defend,

And serving you so long! [Charmian: —

CLE. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write: All may be well enough.

CHA. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Athens. A Room in Antony's House,

Enter ANTONY, and OCTAVIA.

ANT. Nay, nay, *Octavia*, not only that, —
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import, — but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his will, and read it
To publick ear:
Spoke scant'ly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

OCT. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock me,
When I shall pray, O, *bless my husband!* presently
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud
O, *bless my brother!* Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
Twixt these extremes at all.

ANT. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose my self: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall strain your brother: Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

OCT. Thanks to my lord.
The *Jove* of power make me most weak, most weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should folder up the rift.

ANT. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter EROS, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

ENO. How now, friend Eros?

ERO. There's strange news come, sir.

ENO. What, man?

ERO. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* have made wars upon *Pompey*.

ENO. This is old; What is the success?

ERO. *Cæsar*, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst
Pompey, presently deny'd him rivalry; would not let him
partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here,
accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to *Pempey*;
upon his appeal, seizes him: So the poor third is up, 'till
death enlarge his confine.

ENO. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other.—Where is *Antony*?

ERO. He's walking in the garden † thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him: cries, *Fool Lepidus*!
And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd *Pompey*.

ENO. Our great navy's rig'd.

ERO. For *Italy*, and *Cæsar*. More, *Domitius*;

22 his owne appeale 24 Then would thou hadst

My lord desires you presently : my news
I might have told hereafter.

ENO. 'twill be naught :

But let it be. — Bring me to *Antony*.

ERO. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE VI. Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

CÆS. Contemning *Rome*, he has done all this : And
In *Alexandria*, — here's † the manner of it, — [more ;
I'the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd : at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of *Egypt* ; made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute queen.

MEC. This in the publick eye ?

CÆS. I'the common shew-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*,
He gave to *Alexander* ; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia* : She
In the habiliments of the goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

MEC. Let *Rome* be thus
Inform'd.

AGR. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him,

CÆs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

AGR. Whom does he accuse?

CÆs. *Cæsar*: and that, having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That *Lepidus* of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

AGR. Sir, this should be answer'd.

CÆs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

CÆs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

OCT. Hail, *Cæsar*, and my lord! hail, most dear *Cæsar*!

CÆs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away.

OCT. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

CÆs. Why hast thou stoln upon us thus? You come not
Like *Cæsar's* sister: The wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear: the trees by the way
Should have born men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,

knowes

Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are come
A market-maid to *Rome* ; and have prevented
The ostent of our love, which, left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
By sea, and land ; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

OCT. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal ; whereon, I beg'd
His pardon for return.

CÆS. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

OCT. Do not say so, my lord.

CÆS. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind :
Where, say you, he is now ?

OCT. My lord, in *Athens*.

CÆS. No, my most wronged sister ; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore ; who now are levying
The kings o'the earth for war : He hath assembl'd
Bocchus, the king of *Libya* ; *Archelaus*,
Of *Cappadacia* ; *Philadelphos*, king
Of *Paphlagonia* ; the *Thracian* king, *Adallas* :
King *Malchus* of *Arabia* ; king of *Medes* ;
Herod of *Jewry* ; *Mithridates*, king
Of *Comagene* ; *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The kings of *Pont* and *Lycaonia* ;
With a larger list of scepters.

OCT. Ah me most wretched !

³ ostentation of ¹⁴ abstract ¹⁸ is he ²⁷ King of Pont,
³⁰ of Mede, and ³¹ a more larger

That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other.

CÆS. Welcome hither :

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;
'Till we perceived, both how you were wrong'd,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
Be you not troubl'd with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome* :
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort ;
And ever welcome to us.

AGR. Welcome, lady.

MEC. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you :
Only the adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his abominations, turns you off ;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

OCT. Is it so, sir ?

CÆS. Most certain. Sister, welcome : Pray you, now
Be ever known to patience : My dear'st sister !

SCENE VII. Near Actium. Antony's Camp.

Enter CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.

CLE. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENO. But why, why, why ?

CLE. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars ;
And say'st, it is not fit.

⁵ wrong led, ¹³ make his Min- ¹⁴ Best of

ENO. Well, is it, is it?

CLE. Is't not denounc'd 'gainst us? Why should not we
Be there in person?

ENO. Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were meerly lost; the mares would bear
A foldier, and his horse.

CLE. What is't you say?

ENO. Your presence needs must puzzle *Antony*;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in *Rome*,
That *Phótinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

CLE. Sink *Rome*; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i'the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

ENO. Nay, I have done,
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY, and CANIDIUS.

ANT. Is't not strange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundusum*,
He could so quickly cut the *Ionian* sea,
And take in *Toryne*?—You have heard on't, sweet?

CLE. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

ANT. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—By *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by sea.

² If not,

CLE. By sea! What else?

CAN. Why will my lord do so?

ANT. For that he dares us to't.

ENO. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

CAN. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharsalia*,
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

ENO. Your ships are not well man'd:
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in *Cæsar's* fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: No disgrace
Can fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

ANT. By sea, by sea.

ENO. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldier'ship you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

ANT. I'll fight at sea.

CLE. I have sixty sails, *Cæsar* none better.

ANT. Come:

Our over-plus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-man'd, from the head of *Actium*
Beat the approaching *Cæsar*. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land. — Thy business?

Mef. The news is true, my lord; he is descry'd;
Cæsar has taken *Toryne*.

ANT. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
 Strange, that his power should be. — *Canidius*,
 Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
 And our twelve thousand horse: — we'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my *Thetis*. — How now, worthy soldier?

Sol. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
 Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
 This sword, and these my wounds? Let the *Egyptians*,
 And the *Phœnicians*, go a ducking; we
 Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
 And fighting foot to foot.

ANT. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.*]

Sol. By *Hercules*, I think I am i'the right.

CAN. Soldier, thou art: but this whole action grows
 Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
 And we are women's men.

Sol. You keep by land
 The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

CAN. *Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius*,
Publicola, and *Cælius*, are for sea:
 But we keep whole by land. This speed of *Cæsar's*
 Carries beyond belief.

Sol. While he was yet in *Rome*,
 His power went out in such distractions, as
 Beguil'd all spies.

CAN. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sol. They say, one *Taurus*.

CAN. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The emperor calls *Canidius*. [forth,

CAN. With news the time's with labour; and throws
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. *The same. Plain between both Camps.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.

CÆS. *Taurus*,—

TAU. My lord. [battle,

CÆS. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not
'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this † scrowl: Our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [Exeunt.

Enter ANTONY, Enobarbus, and Others.

ANT. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o'the hill,
In eye of *Cæsar's* battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.

*Enter Canidius, marching with his land Army, one
Way; and Taurus, the Lieutenant of Cæsar, with
his, the other Way. After their going in, is heard the
Noise of a Sea-fight.*

Alarums. Enter ENOBARBUS. [longer:

ENO. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
The *Antoniad*, the *Egyptian* admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

SCA. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

ENO. What's thy passion?

SCA. The greater cantele of the world is lost

With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENO. How appears the fight?

SCA. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald nag of *Egypt*,
(Whom leprosy o'er-take!) i' the mid' st o' the fight, —
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder, —
The breeze upon her, like a cow in *June*,
Hoists sails, and flies.

ENO. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight of it, and could not
Endure a further view.

SCA. She once being looft,
The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in heighth, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

ENO. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

CAN. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

[night]

ENO. "Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
"Indeed."

CAN. Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

SCA. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

[Exit.]

CAN. To *Cæsar* will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding. [Exit.

ENO. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [Exit.

SCENE IX. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, with Attendants.

ANT. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me. — Friends, come hither;
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever: I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

Att. Fly! not we.

ANT. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone:
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone, be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. — O,
I follow'd that, I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating. — Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straight away;
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:

29 Let them be

L 2

Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.

[*Exeunt Attendants. Throws himself on a Couch.*]

Enter EROS, with CLEOPATRA, led by

IRAS and CHARMIAN.

ERO. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

IRA. Do, most dear queen.

CHA. Do! Why, what else?

CLE. Let me sit † down. O Juno!

ANT. No, no, no, no, no.

ERO. See you here, sir?

ANT. O fie, fie, fie.

CHA. Madam, —

IRA. Madam, good empress, —

ERO. Sir, fir, —

ANT. Yes, my lord, yes; — He, at *Philippi*, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I strook
The lean and wrinkl'd *Cassius*; and 'twas I,
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now — No matter.

CLE. Ah me! — Stand by.

[*rising.*]

ERO. The queen, my lord, the queen.

[*lity'd*]

IRA. Go to him, madam, speak to him; he is unqua-
With very shame.

CLE. Well then, — Sustain me: — O!

ERO. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

ANT. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving:

ERO. Sir, the queen.

ANT. O, whither hast thou led me, *Egypt*? [*Starting up*]
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes, [*See*
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

CLE. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful fails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

ANT. *Egypt*, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

CLE. O, my pardon.

ANT. Now I must

To the young man send humble 'treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring, fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all causes.

CLE. Pardon, pardon.

ANT. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this † repays me. — We sent our school-master,
Is he come back? — Love, I am full of lead: —
Some wine, there, and our viands: — Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

SCENE X. *A Camp in Egypt. Cæsar's Tent.*

Enter CÆSAR, THYREUS, DOLABELLA, and Others.

¹⁰ stowe me ¹¹ The full ²² cause. ²⁸ Wine | Within there

CÆs. Let him appear that's come from *Antony*.
Know you him?

Dol. *Cæsar*, 'tis his school-master:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

CÆs. Approach, and speak.

EUP. Such as I am, I come from *Antony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

CÆs. Be it so; Declare thine office.

EUP. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Egypt*: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breath between the heavens and earth,
A private man in *Athens*: This for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

CÆs. For *Antony*,

I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From *Egypt* drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

EUP. Fortune pursue thee!

CÆs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS, attended.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Dispatch;
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention offers: Women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thy. Caesar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how *Antony* becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thy. Caesar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter *CLEOPATRA*, *ENOBARBUS*, Charmian, and *Iras*.

CLE. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

ENO. Drink, and dye.

CLE. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?

ENO. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow you?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

CLE. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter *ANTONY*, with *EUPHRONIUS*.

ANT. Is that his answer?

's Thinke, and

L 4

EUP. Ay, my lord.

ANT. The queen

Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

EUP. My lord, he says so.

ANT. Let her know't. —

To the boy *Cæsar* send this grizl'd head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

CLE. That head, my lord?

ANT. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministries would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i'the command of *Cæsar*: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, and EUPHRONIUS.*]

ENO. "Yes, like enough; high-battl'd *Cæsar* will"
"Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew"
"Against a sworder: I see, men's judgments are"
"A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward"
"Do draw the inward quality after them,"
"To suffer all alike. That he should dream,"
"Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will"
"Answer his emptiness! *Cæsar*, thou hast subdu'd"
"His judgment too."

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from *Cæsar*.

CLE. What, no more ceremony? — See, my women,

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. — Admit him, sir.

[Exit Attendant.]

ENO. "Mine honesty, and I, begin to square."
"The loyalty, well held to fools, does make"
"Our faith meer folly:—Yet, he, that can endure"
"To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,"
"Does conquer him that did his master conquer,"
"And earns a place i'the story."

Enter THYREUS.

CLE. *Cæsar's* will?

THY. Hear it apart.

CLE. None but friends; say on boldly.

THY. So, haply, are they friends to *Antony*.

ENO. He needs as many, sir, as *Cæsar* has;
Or needs not us. If *Cæsar* please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: Or, as you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is, *Cæsar's*.

THY. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd; *Cæsar* entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is *Cæsar*.

CLE. Go on: Right royal.

THY. He knows, that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

CLE. O!

THY. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

CLE. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.

ENO. "To be sure of that,"

"I will ask *Antony*. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,"

"That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for"

"Thy dearest quit thee." [Exit ENOBARBUS.

THY. Shall I say to *Cæsar*

What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put yourself under his shroud, the great,
The universal landlord.

CLE. What's your name?

THY. My name is *Thyreus*.

CLE. Most kind messenger,

Say to great *Cæsar* this, In deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of *Egypt*.

THY. 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

CLE. Your *Cæsar's* father oft, [giving her Hand.
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ENOBARBUS, with ANTONY.

ANT. Favours, by *Jove* that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

THY. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

ENO. "You will be whipt." [and devils!

ANT. Approach, there; — Ah, you kite! — Now, gods
Authority melts from me of late: when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a mufs, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* — Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.

ENO. "Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,"
"Than with an old one dying."

ANT. Moon and stars! —

Whip him: — Wer't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of the † here, (What's her name,
Since she was *Cleopatra*?) — Whip him, fellows,
"Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

THY. Mark Antony, —

ANT. Tug him away: being whipt,
Bring him again: — This *Jack* of *Cæsar*'s shall
Bear us an errand to him. —

[*Exeunt Attendants, with THYREUS.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you: — Ha!

Have I my pillow left unprest in *Rome*,

Forborn the getting of a lawful race,

And by a jem of women, to be abus'd

By one that looks on feeders?

CLE. Good my lord, —

ANT. You have been a bogler ever: —

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,

(O misery on't!) the wise gods feel our eyes
In our own filth; drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

CLE. O, is't come to this?

ANT. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead *Cæsar's* trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey's*; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

CLE. Wherefore is this?

ANT. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And pligher of high hearts! — O, that I were
Upon the hill of *Bafan*, to out-roar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. — Is he whip'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.

1. A. Soundly, my lord.

ANT. Cry'd he? and beg'd he pardon?

1. A. He did ask favour.

ANT. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whip'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to *Cæsar*,

Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou;
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. [Exit Thyreus.

CLE. Have you done yet?

ANT. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of *Antony*!

CLE. I must stay his time. [to her Women.

ANT. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points?

CLE. Not know me yet?

ANT. Cold-hearted toward me?

CLE. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next *Cæsarion* smite!
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Egyptians* all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lye graveless; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
Have bury'd them for prey!

ANT. I am fattissy'd.

Cæsar sets down in *Alexandria*; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our fever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like,—
Where hast thou been, my heart? — Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

CLE. That's my brave lord!

ANT. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

CLE. It is my birth-day:

I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

ANT. We'll yet do well.

CLE. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANT. Doso, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.— Come on, my queen,
'There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt ANT. CLE. Cha. Ira. and Att.*]

ENO. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to frighted out of fear: in that mood,

The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Camp before Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, with a Letter in his Hand ; MECÆNAS,
Officers, and Others, attending.

CÆS. He calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt : my messenger
He hath whip'd with rods ; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony : Let the old ruffian know,
He hath many other ways to dyë ; mean time,
I laugh at his challenge.

MEC. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction : Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

CÆS. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight : Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done ;
And feast the army : we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony ! *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

3 prays in reason 17 I have many

*Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; ENOBARBUS,
Iras, Charmian, and Others.*

ANT. He will not fight with me, *Domitius*.

ENO. No.

ANT. Why should he not?

ENO. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

ANT. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bath my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Wou't thou fight well?

ENO. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all*.

ANT. Well said; come on.—

Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter some Domesticks.

Be bounteous at our meal.— Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou,— [well,
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me
And kings have been your fellows.

CLE. "What means this?" [shoots]

ENO. "'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow
"Out of the mind."

ANT. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony*; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Dom. The gods forbid!

ANT. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

CLE. "What does he mean?"

ENO. "To make his followers weep."

ANT. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangl'd shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Marry'd to your good service, stay 'till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

ENO. What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And, I, an afs, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

ANT. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1. S. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2. S. It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

²¹ For I spake

1. S. Nothing : What news ?
2. S. Belike, 'tis but a rumour : Good night to you.
1. S. Well, fir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2. S. Soldiers, have careful watch.
3. S. And you : Good night, good night.

[the two first go to their Posts.]

4. S. Here we : *[going to theirs]* and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3. S. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[Musick of Hautboys, as underneath.]

4. S. Peace, What noise ?

1. S. Lift, lift !

2. S. Hark !

[advancing from their Posts.]

1. S. Musick i'the air.

3. S. Under the earth.

4. S. It signs well, does it not ?

3. S. No.

1. S. Peace, I say.

What should this mean ?

2. S. 'Tis the god *Hercules*, whom *Antony* lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1. S. Walk ; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[going.]

Enter other Soldiers, meeting them.

1. 2. 3. 4. How now, masters ?

Sol. How now ?

How now ? Do you hear this ?

1. S. Ay ; Is't not strange ?

3. S. Do you hear, masters ; do you hear ?

1. S. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how 'twill give off.
all. Content: 'Tis strange. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN,
Iras, and Others, attending.

ANT. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

CLE. Sleep a little.

ANT. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with Armour.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come. [Eros arms him.]

CLE. Nay, I'll help too.

ANT. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart: False, false; this, this.

CLE. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

ANT. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

ERO. Briefly, sir.

CLE. Is not this buckl'd well?

ANT. D, rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please

To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumb'l'st, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this, than thou: Dispatch.—O love,

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, arm'd.

A workman in't.—Good-morrow to thee; welcome;

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

1. O. A thousand, fir,
Early though 't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout within. Trumpets.*

Enter other Officers, Soldiers, &c.

2. O. The morn is fair.— Good-morrow, general.
all. Good-morrow, general.

ANT. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes. —
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said. —
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's † kifs: rebukeable,
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. — You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. — Adieu.

[*Exeunt EROS, ANTONY, Officers, and Soldiers.*

CHA. Please you, retire to your chamber.

CLE. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and *Cæsar* might
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, *Antony*, — But now, — Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Under the Walls of Alexandria. *Antony's*
Camp. Trumpets. Enter ANTONY, and EROS;
a Soldier meeting them.

Sol. The gods make this a happy day to *Antony*!

ANT. 'Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Sol. Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the foldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

ANT. Who's gone this morning?

Sol. Who?

One ever near thee : Call for *Enobarbus*,
He shall not hear thee ; or from *Cæsar's* camp
Say, *I am none of thine*.

ANT. What say'st thou?

Sol. Sir,

He is with *Cæsar*.

ERO. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

ANT. Is he gone?

Sol. Most certain.

ANT. Go, *Eros*, send his treasure after ; do it,
Detain no jot of it, I charge thee : write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings :
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. — O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. — Dispatch. — *Æ Enobarbus !*

SCENE VI. Before Alexandria. *Cæsar's Camp.*
Flourish. Enter *CÆSAR*, with *AGRIPPA*, *ENOBARBUS*,
and Others.

CÆS. Go forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight :
Our will is, *Antony* be took alive ;
Make it so known.

AGR. *Cæsar*, I shall.

[*Exit AGRIPPA.*

CÆS. The time of universal peace is near :
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world

¹ *Eros.* Had'st ⁶ *Eros.* Who

Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge *Agrippa*

Plant those that have revolted in the van;

That *Antony* may seem to spend his fury

Upon himself.

[Exeunt CÆSAR, and Train.]

ENO. *Alexas* did revolt: he went to *Jewry*, on

Affairs of *Antony*; there did persuade

Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,

And leave his master *Antony*: for this pains,

Cæsar hath hang'd him. *Canidius*, and the rest

That fell away, have entertainment, but

No honourable trust. I have done ill;

Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,

That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with

His bounty over-plus: The messenger

Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,

Unloading of his mules.

ENO. I give it you.

Sol. I mock not, *Enobarbus*,

I tell you true: Best you see safe the bringer

Out of the host; I must attend mine office,

Or would have done't myself. Your emperor

Continues still a *Jove*.

[Exit Soldier.]

ENO. I am alone the villain of the earth,

And feel I am so most. O *Antony*,

Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have pay'd

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This bows my heart :
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought ; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee ! no : I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to dye ; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII. *Between the Camps. Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter AGRIPPA, and his Forces.

AGR. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Retreat. Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and Forces ; with

SCARUS, wounded.

SCA. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

ANT. Thou bleed'st apace.

SCA. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H. [Retreat afar off.

ANT. They do retire.

SCA. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet
Room for fix scotches more.

Enter EROS.

ERO. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

SCA. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

ANT. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold

2 blowes my

M 4

For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCA. I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Gates of Alexandria.*

Enter ANTONY, marching; Scarus, and Forces.

ANT. We have beat him to his camp;—Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gets:—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought,
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have all shewn you *Hectors*.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand; [*to Sca.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumping.

CLE. Lord of lords,
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

ANT. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day,

As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

CLE. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

ANT. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncld
Like holy *Phæbus*' car. — Give me thy hand; —
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march;
Bear our hackt targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. — Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IX. *Out-skirts of Cæsar's Camp.*

Sentinels upon their Posts. Enter ENOBARBUS.

3. S. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i'the morn.

1. S. This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

ENO. O, bear me witness, night, —

2. S. "What man is this?"

1. S. "Stand close, and list him."

ENO. Be witness to me, o thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

3. S. "Enobarbus!"

2. S. "Peace; hark further."

ENO. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dry'd with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! o Antony!

[dies.]

1. S. "Let's speak to him."

3. S. "Let's hear him further, for the things he speaks"
"May concern Cæsar."

2. S. "Let's do so. But he sleeps."

3. S. "Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his"
"Was never yet for sleep."

1. S. Go we to him.

2. S. Awake, fir,
Awake; speak to us.

[to Eno.]

1. S. Hear you, fir?

[shaking him.]

3. S. The hand

Of death hath raught him.

[Drum afar off.]

Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers:

Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is

Of note: our hour is fully out.

2. S. Come on then;

He may recover yet.

[Exeunt with the Body.]

SCENE X. Hills without the City.

Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

ANT. Their preparation is to-day for sea;
We please them not by land.

SCA. For both, my lord.

ANT. I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or i'the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is, Our foot,
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us : order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven : *Die we on,*
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt,

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.

CÆS. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

Re-enter ANTONY, and SCARUS. [stand,

ANT. Yet they're not join'd : Where yonder pine does
I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit ANTONY.

SCA. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
Say, they know not, they cannot tell ; look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. [Shouts afar off.

Re-enter ANTONY, hastily.

ANT. All is lost ;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder

They cast their caps up, and carouse together
 Like friends long lost. — Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
 Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee. — Bid them all fly;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all; Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit SCARUS.]

O sun, thy up-rise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and *Antony* part here; even here
 Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming *Cæsar*; and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am:
 (O this false foil of *Egypt*!) This grave charm, —
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
 Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief end, —
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss. —
 What, *Eros*, *Eros*! —

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avant.

CLE. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

ANT. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish *Cæsar*'s triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting *Plébeians*:
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shewn
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
 Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up [gone, —
 With her prepared nails. [Exit CLE.] 'Tis well thou'rt
 If it be well to live: But better 'twere,

Thou fell'st into my fury ; for one death
Might have prevented many. — *Eros*, ho ! —
The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me : Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :
Let me lodge *Lichas* on the horns o' the moon ;
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall dye ;
To the *Roman* boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't. — *Eros*, ho ! [*Exit*.

SCENE XI. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, Iras, and Mardian.

CLE. Help me, my women : O, he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his shield ; the boar of *Thessaly*
Was never so imboast.

CHA. To the monument ;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

CLE. To the monument : —

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
Say, that the last I spoke was, *Antony*,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously : Hence, *Mardian* ;
And bring me how he takes my death. — To the monument.

SCENE XII. The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY, and EROS.

ANT. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me ?

ERO. Ay, noble lord.

ANT. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,

³ the young Roman ³² toward

A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the wind,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants?

ERO. Ay, my lord.

ANT. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dissimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

ERO. It does, my lord.

ANT. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am *Antony*;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for *Egypt*: and the queen, —
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex't unto't
A million more, now lost, — she, *Eros*, has
Pack'd cards with *Cæsar*, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves. — O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has rob'd me of my sword.

MAR. No, *Antony*;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingl'd
With thine entirely.

ANT. Hence, faucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall dye the death.

MAR. Death of one person can be pay'd but once;
And that she hath discharg'd: What thou would'st do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, *Antony*! most noble *Antony*!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break

2 the world,

The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life;
Thy name so bury'd in her.

ANT. Dead then?

MAR. Dead.

ANT. Unarm me, *Eros*; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep: — That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go. [*Exit MAR.*] Pluck off; —
The sevenfold shield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my fides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! — Apace, *Eros*, apace. —
No more a soldier: Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly born. — From me a while.

[*Exit EROS.*]

I will o'er-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture; since the torch is out,
Lye down, and stray no farther: Now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done. —
Eros! — I come, my queen: — *Eros*! — Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand;
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her *Aeneas* shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. — Come, *Eros*, *Eros*.

Re-enter EROS.

ERO. What would my lord?

ANT. Since *Cleopatra* dy'd,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune's* back

With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
 Than she, which, by her death, our *Cæsar* tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, *Eros*,
 That, when the exigent should come, (which now
 Is come, indeed) when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then would'st kill me: do't, the time is come:
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

ERO. The gods withhold me!

Shall I do that, which all the *Parthian* darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

ANT. Eros,

Would'st thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see
 Thy master thus † with pleach'd arms, bending down
 His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
 To penetrative shame; whil'st the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate *Cæsar*, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensu'd?

ERO. I would not see't.

ANT. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
 Most useful for thy country.

ERO. O, sir, pardon me.

ANT. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
 To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once;
 Or thy precedent services are all
 But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

ERO. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.

ANT. Lo thee. [turning away his Face.

ERO. My sword is drawn.

ANT. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

ERO. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

ANT. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

ERO. Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now?

ANT. Now, Eros. [do escape the sorrow

ERO. Why, there then: [falling on his Sword.] Thus I
Of Antony's death.

ANT. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, o valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bride-groom in my death, and run into't [and, Eros,
As to a lover's bed. Come then; [taking Eros' Sword]
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus [running on it.
I learnt of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?

Enter Guard, and DERCETAS.

The guard? how! — O, dispatch me.

1. G. What's the noise? [end

ANT. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an
Of what I have begun.

2. G. The star is fallen.

1. G. And time is at his period.

all. Alas, and woe!

ANT. Let him, that loves me, strike me dead.

1. G. Not I.

2. G. Nor I.

3. G. Nor any one.

[*Exeunt Guard.*]

DER. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword † but shewn to *Cæsar*, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDE.

DIO. Where's *Antony*?

DER. There, *Diomede*, there.

DIO. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit DERCETAS, with the Sword.*]

ANT. Art thou there, *Diomede*? Draw thy sword, and
Sufficing strokes for death.

[*give me*]

DIO. Most absolute lord,
My mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

ANT. When did she send thee?

DIO. Now, my lord.

ANT. Where is she?

[*fying fear*]

DIO. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophe-
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

[*thee.*]

ANT. Too late, good *Diomede*: Call my guard, I pr'y-

DIO. What ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what

Enter some of the Guard.

[*ho!*]

Come, your lord calls.

ANT. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1. G. Woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

all. Most heavy day!

ANT. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

SCENE XIII. *The same. A Monument.*

*Enter, at a Window, above, CLEOPATRA,
CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

CLE. O *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

CHA. Be comforted, dear madam.

CLE. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDE.

As that which makes it. — How now? is he dead?

DIO. His death's upon him, but not dead. Look out
O' the other side your monument, — But see,
His guard have brought him hither.

Enter ANTONY, born by the Guard.

CLE. O sun, sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand
The varying shore o'the world! — O *Antony*,
Antony, Antony! — *Charmian*, help; help, *Iras*;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

ANT. Peace:

Not *Cæsar's* valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony's* hath triumph'd on itself.

CLE. So it should be, that none but *Antony*

27 Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends

Should conquer *Antony* ; but woe 'tis so !

ANT. I am dying, *Egypt*, dying ; only yet
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips : Come down.

CLE. I dare not,
(Dear, dear my lord, your pardon that I dare not)
Lest I be taken : not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if knives, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
Your wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. — But come, come, *Antony*, —
Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up ; —
Assist, good friends. [Cleopatra, and her Women,
throw out certain Tackle, into which the People
below put Antony, and he is drawn up.

ANT. O, quick, or I am gone.

CLE. Here's sport, indeed ! How heavy weighs my lord ?
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight : Had I great *Juno's* power,
The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little, —
Wishers were ever fools ; — o, come, come, come ;
And welcome, welcome ! dye, where thou hast liv'd :
Quicken with kissing ; had my lips that power,
Thus would I † wear them out.

all. A heavy fight !

ANT. I am dying, *Egypt*, dying :
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLE. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,

That the false huswife fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

ANT. One word, sweet queen :

Of *Cæsar* seek your honour, with your safety. O !

CLE. They do not go together.

ANT. Gentle, hear me :

None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

CLE. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust,
None about *Cæsar*.

ANT. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd ; the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest : and do now not basely dye,
Not cowardly put off my helmet ; to
My countryman, a *Roman* by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going,
I can no more. [sinks.]

CLE. Noblest of men, wou't dye ?
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty ? — O, see, my women, [Ant. dies.
The crown o' the earth doth melt : — My lord ! —
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n ; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men : the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

CHA. O, quietness, lady. [Cleopatra swoons.]

IRA. She is dead too, our sovereign.

CHA. Lady, —

IRA. Madam, —

CHA. O madam, madam, madam !

IRA. Royal Egypt !

Emperefs !

CHA. Peace, peace, *Irás*.

[*seeing her recover.*]

CLE. No more but e'en a woman ; and commanded
By such poor passion, as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods ;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught ;
Patience is fottish ; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us ? — How do you, women ?
What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now, *Charmian* ?
My noble girls ! — Ah, women, women ! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out : — Good firs, take heart : —
We'll bury him : and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high *Roman* fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away :
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off the Body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Camp before Alexandria.* [NAS,
Enter CÆSAR, with DOLABELLA, AGRIPPA, MECÆ-
Gallus, PROCULEIUS, and Others.

CÆS. Go to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield ;

5 but in a

Being so frustrated, tell him, he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

DOL. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit *DOLABELLA*.]

Enter DERCETAS, with Antony's Sword.

CÆS. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

DER. I am call'd *Dercetas*;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæsar*; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

CÆS. What is't thou say'st?

DER. I say, o *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

CÆS. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack in nature: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens: The death of *Antony*
Is not a single doom; in that name lay
A moiety of the world.

DER. He is dead, *Cæsar*;
Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart itself. This † is his sword,
I rob'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

CÆS. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings

21 in the name

N 4

To wash the eyes of kings.

AGR. And strange it is,
That nature must compell us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

MEC. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal with him.

AGR. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to mark us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

MEC. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

CÆS. O *Antony*!
I have follow'd thee to this; — But we do launch
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not flail together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, — that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this. — Hear me, good friends, —

Enter a Messenger.

But I will tell you at some meeter season;
The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. — Whence are you, sir?

Mes. A poor *Egyptian*: The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;

² *Dol.* And ⁶ wag'd equal ⁷ *Dola.* A ⁹ to make us ³⁰ yet, the

That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determin'd have for her: for *Cæsar* cannot
Leave to be gentle.

Mef. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Cæs. Come hither, *Proculeius*; Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Left, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
Would be eternaling our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. *Cæsar*, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*]

Cæs. *Gallus*, go you along. [*Exit Gall.*] Where's *Do-*
To second *Proculeius*? [*labella,*

all. *Dolabella!*

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see,
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

CLE. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Cæsar*;

⁵ honourable, ⁶ Determine ⁷ be ungentle ¹⁴ eternall in

Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will; And it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
 The beggar's nurse and *Cæsar's*.

*Enter PROCULEIUS, and Gallus, with Soldiers,
 to the Door of the Monument, without.*

PRO. *Cæsar* sends greeting to the queen of *Egypt*;
 And bids thee study on what fair demands
 Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

CLE. What's thy name?

PRO. My name is *Proculeius*.

CLE. *Antony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you; but
 I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
 That have no use for trusting. If your master
 Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
 That majesty, to keep decorum, must
 No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
 To give me conquer'd *Egypt* for my son,
 He gives me so much of mine own, as I
 Will kneel to him with thanks.

PRO. Be of good cheer;
 You are fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
 Make your full reference freely to my lord,
 Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
 On all that need: Let me report to him
 Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
 A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
 Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

CLE. Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got: I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

PRO. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it. Fare you well. — "Hark, Gallus!"
"You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd;"
"Guard her 'till *Cæsar* come." [Exit PROCULEIUS.

Gallus maintains converse with Cleopatra.

Re-enter, into the Monument, from behind,

PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers, hastily.

IRA. O royal queen!

CHA. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

CLE. Quick, quick, good hands. [drawing a Dagger.

PRO. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [slaying her.

Do not yourself such wrong; who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

CLE. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

PRO. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

CLE. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

PRO. O, temperance, lady.

CLE. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not speak neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,

Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, sir, that I
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
 Nor once be chāstis'd with the sober eye
 Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,
 And shew me to the shouting varletry
 Of censuring *Rome*? Rather a ditch in *Egypt*
 Be gentle grave unto me; rather on *Nilus'* mud
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring; rather make
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains.

PRO. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror farther than you shall
 Find cause for it in *Cæsar*.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. Proculeius,
 What thou hast done thy master *Cæsar* knows,
 And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

PRO. So, *Dolabella*,
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
 To *Cæsar* I will speak what you shall please,
 If you'll employ me to him.

CLE. Say, I would dye.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*]

DOL. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

CLE. I cannot tell.

DOL. Assuredly, you know me.

CLE. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
 You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
 Is't not your trick?

DOL. I understand not, madam.

CLE. I dreamt there was an emperor *Antony* ;—
O, such another sleep! that I might see
But such another man.

DOL. If it might please you, —

CLE. His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon ; which kept their course, and lighted
The little o o'the earth.

DOL. Most sovereign creature, —

CLE. His legs bestrid the ocean ; his rear'd arm
Crested the world : his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, when that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping : His delights
Were dolphin-like ; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in : In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets ; realms and islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

DOL. *Cleopatra*, —

CLE. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of ?

DOL. Gentle madam, no.

CLE. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuff
To vye strange forms with fancy ; yet, to imagine
An *Antony*, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

DOL. Hear me, good madam :
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never

²¹ Spheres, and that ²⁴ An *Antony* it was, ²⁵ be, nor ever

O'er-take pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

CLE. I thank you, sir.

Know you, what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

DOL. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

CLE. Nay, pray you, sir:

DOL. Though he be honourable, —

CLE. He'll lead me in triumph:

DOL. Madam, he will; I know it.

within. Make way there, — *Cæsar.*

*Enter CÆSAR, and Train of Romans,
and SELEUCUS.*

CÆS. Which is the queen of *Egypt*?

DOL. It is the emperor, madam.

CÆS. Arise, you shall not kneel: [*to Cle. raising her.*
I pray you, rise; rise, *Egypt.*

CLE. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

CÆS. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

CLE. Sole sir o'the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

CÆS. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,

(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change: but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave. [we,

CLE. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, † my good lord.

CÆS. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

CLE. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possest of: 'tis exactly valu'd;
Not petty things omitted.—Where's *Seleucus*?

SEL. Here, madam.

CLE. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

SEL. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

CLE. What have I kept back?

SEL. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

CÆS. Nay, blush not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

CLE. See, *Cæsar*! o, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus* does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd! What, go'st thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings : Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base !

[*flying at him.*

CÆS. Good queen, let us intreat you. [*interposing.*

CLE. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ;
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so mean, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded
Of one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. — Pr'ythee, go hence ;
Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance : — Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

CÆS. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit SELEUCUS.*

CLE. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits : in our name
Are therefore to be pity'd.

CÆS. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i'the roll of conquest : still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear queen ;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend ; And so, adieu.

CLE. My master, and my lord, —

CÆS. Not so : Adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, and Train.*]

CLE. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself : But hark thee, *Charmian*.

IRA. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

CLE. Hye thee again :
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go, put it to the haste.

CHA. Madam, I will.

[*going.*]

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. Where is the queen ?

CHA. Behold, sir.

[*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

CLE. *Dolabella?*

DOL. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : *Cæsar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before :
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

CLE. *Dolabella,*
I shall remain your debtor.

DOL. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on *Cæsar*.

CLE. Farewel, and thanks. [Exit DOLABELLA.]

Now, *Iras*, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an *Egyptian* puppet, shalt be shewn
In *Rome*, as well as I: mechanick slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

IRA. The gods forbid!

CLE. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: Saucy liſtors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rimers
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our *Alexandrian* revels; *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatness
I'the posture of a whore.

IRA. O the good gods!

CLE. Nay, that's certain.

IRA. I'll never see't; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

CLE. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most assur'd intents. — Now, *Charmian*? —

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Shew me, my women, like a queen; — Go fetch
My best attires; — I am again for *Cydnus*,
To meet *Mark Antony*: — Sirrah, *Iras*, go. —
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till dooms-day. — Bring our crown and all.

[*Exit IRAS. Charmian falls to adjusting Cleopatra's Dress. Noise within.*
Wherefore's this noise?

Enter one of the Guard.

Gua. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence ;
He brings you figs. [instrument

CLE. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*] How poor an
May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown.

Gua. This is the man.

CLE. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clow. Truly, I have him : but I would not be the
party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting
is immortal ; those, that do dye of it, do seldom or never
recover.

CLE. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't ?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
one of them no longer than yesterday : a very honest
woman ; but something given to lye ; as a woman should
not do, but in the way of honesty : how she dy'd of the
biting of it, what pain she felt, — Truly, she makes a
very good report o' the worm : But he that will be-
lieve all that they say, shall never be saved by half that
they do : But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd
worm.

CLE. Get thee hence ; farewell. [*Basket.*

Clow. I wish you all joy of the worm. [*setting down his*

CLE. Farewel.

Clo. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

CLE. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clo. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted; but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

CLE. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clo. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLE. Will it eat me?

Clo. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil drefs her not. But, truly, these same whorson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

CLE. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clo. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, with Robe, &c.

CLE. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of *Egypt's* grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good *Irás*; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæsar*, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:

[*Goes to a Bed, or Sopha, which she ascends; her Women compose her on it: Iras sets the Basket, which she has been holding upon her own Arm, by her.*

Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements

I give to baser life. — So, have you done ?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind *Charmian*; — *Iras*, long farewel.

[*kissing them. Iras falls.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Dost fall ?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still ?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

CHA. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

CLE. This proves me base :
If she first meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kifs,
Which is my heaven to have. — Come, mortal wretch,
[*to the Asp; applying it to her Breast.*]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untye: poor venomous fool, [*stirring it.*]
Be angry, and dispatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar*, as,
Unpolicy'd!

CHA. O eastern star!

CLE. Peace, peace :
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep ?

CHA. O, break ! o, break !

CLE. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle —
O *Antony* ! — Nay, I will take thee too : —

[*applying another Asp to her Arm.*]

What should I stay — [dies.]

CHA. In this vile world ? — So, fare thee well. —

Now boast thee, death; in thy possession lyes
A lasť unparallel'd. — Downy windows, close;
And golden *Phæbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter some of the Guard.

1. G. Where is the queen?

CHA. Speak softly, wake her not.

1. G. *Cæsar* hath sent —

CHA. Too slow a messenger. — [*applying the Asp.*]

O, come, apace, dispatch; I partly feel thee.

1. G. Approach, ho! All's not well: *Cæsar's* beguil'd.

2. G. There's *Dolabella*, sent from *Cæsar*; call him.

1. G. What work is here? — *Charmian*, is this well done?

CHA. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[*dies.*]

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. How goes it here?

2. G. All dead.

DOL. *Cæsar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

- *within.* A way there, way for *Cæsar*!

Enter CÆSAR, and Train.

DOL. O, fir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

CÆS. Brav'st at the last:

She level'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. — The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

DOL. Who was last with them?

I. G. A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This † was his basket.

CÆS. Poison'd then.

I. G. O Cæsar,

This *Charmian* liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden drop'd.

CÆS. O noble weakness!—

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another *Antony*
In her strong toil of grace.

DOL. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

I. G. This is an aspick's trail; [*pointing to the Floor.*]
And these fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As the aspick leaves upon the caves of *Nile*.

CÆS. Most probable,

That so she dy'd: for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to dye.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be bury'd by her *Antony*:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral;

And then to *Rome*.—Come, *Dolabella*, see
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt.*]

TIMON
of
ATHENS.

Persons represented,

Timon, *a noble Athenian :*

Ventidius, *one of his false Friends.*

Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius, *and four Others ; Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon :*

Lucilius, Flaminius, Servilius, *and four Others, Servants of the same.*

Caphis, Varro, Isidore,

second Varro, Titus, Hortensius, } *Servants to*
Lucius, and Philotus, } *Timon's Creditors.*

Senators, eight ; stranger Gentlemen, three ; Thieves, three.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant,

Fool, Page, Messenger, and Soldier.

Servant to Ventidius. Servant to Lucullus.

an old Athenian. Person presenting Cupid.

Phrynia, and } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
Tyndra, }

*Divers other Senators, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c.
and Ladies in the Masque.*

Scene, Athens, and Woods adjoining.

TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter, at several Doors, Poet, Painter, Jeweller,
Merchant, and divers Others.*

Poe. Good day, good day, fir.

Pai. I am glad you are well.

Poe. I have not seen you long ; How goes the world ?

Pai. It wears, fir, as it grows.

Poe. Ay, that's well known :

But what particular rarity ? what strange,

Which manifold record not matches ? See !

Magick of bounty, all these spirits thy power

Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pai. I know them both ; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable ; breath'd, as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodnes :

He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel † here :

† incomparable man, breath'd

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord *Timon*, fir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate; But, for that,—

Poe. *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse*

Which aptly sings the good.

[repeating to himself.]

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[looking on the Jewell.]

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pai. You are rapt, fir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poe. A thing slipt idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which issues
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint
Shews not, 'till it be strook; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you † there?

Pai. A picture, fir.

And when comes your book forth?

Poe. Upon the heels

Of my presentment, fir. Let's see your piece.

Pai. 'Tis a good piece.

Poe. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pai. Indifferent.

Poe. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pai. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poe. I will say of it,

It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

† a Gowne, which uses ‡ chafes

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pai. How this lord is follow'd!

Poe. The senators of *Athens*; — Happy man!

Pai. Look, more.

Poe. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this † rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no level'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pai. How shall I understand you?

Poe. I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality) tender down
Their services to lord *Timon*: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself; even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timon's* nod.

Pai. I saw them speak together.

Poe. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd fortune to be thron'd: The base o'the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixt,
 One do I personate of lord *Timon's* frame,
 Whom fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 Translates his rivals.

Pai. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
 This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
 In our condition.

Poe. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
 All those which were his fellows but of late,
 (Some better than his value) on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Drink the free air.

Pai. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poe. When fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
 Spurs down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pai. 'Tis common:
 A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
 More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
 To shew lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have seen
 The foot above the head.

Flourish. Enter *TIMON*, attended; Servant of
Ventidius talking with him.

TIM. Imprison'd is he, say you ?

Ser. Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt ;
His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing him,
Periods his comfort.

TIM. Noble *Ventidius* ! Well ;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have : — I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ser. Your lordship ever binds him.

TIM. Commend me to him : I will send his ransom ;
And, being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me : —
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. — Fare you well.

Ser. All happiness to your honour ! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

o. A. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

TIM. Freely, good father.

o. A. Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

TIM. I have so : What of him ?

o. A. Most noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

TIM. Attends he here, or no ? — *Lucilius* !

Enter LUCILIUS.

LUC. Here, at your lordship's service.

o. A. This fellow here, lord *Timon*, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift ;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

TIM. Well ; what further ?

§ failing to him

o. A. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

TIM. The man is honest.

o. A. Therefore he will be, *Timon*:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

TIM. Does she love him?

o. A. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

TIM. Love you the maid?

LUC. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

o. A. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

TIM. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

o. A. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

TIM. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

o. A. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

TIM. My hand † to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

LUC. Humbly I thank your lordship : Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you.

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS, and old Athenian.*

Poe. Vouchsafe my † labour, and long live your lord-
ship. [*presenting his Poem.*

TIM. I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away. — What have you there, my friend ?

Pai. A piece of painting ; which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept. [*presenting it.*

TIM. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside : these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work ;
And you shall find, I like it : wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pai. The gods preserve you !

TIM. Well fare you, gentleman : give me your hand ;
[*to the Merchant.*

We must needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord ? dispraise ?

TIM. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extol'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give : But you well know,
'Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters : believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

TIM. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Enter APEMANTUS.

TIM. Look, who comes here:
Will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear it with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

TIM. Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus*.

APE. 'Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.

Mer. When will that be?

[honest.

Ape. When thou art *Timon's* dog, and these knaves

TIM. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st

APE. Are they not *Athenians*?

[them not.

TIM. Yes.

APE. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus*.

APE. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

TIM. Thou art proud, *Apemantus*.

APE. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

TIM. Whither art going?

APE. To knock out an honest *Athenian's* brains.

TIM. That's a deed thou'lt dye for.

APE. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

TIM. How lik'st thou this † picture, *Apemantus*?

APE. The best, for the innocence.

TIM. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

APE. He wrought better, that made the painter; and
yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pai. You're a dog.

APE. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if
I be a dog?

TIM. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus*?

APE. No; I eat not lords.

TIM. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

APE. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

TIM. That's a lascivious apprehension.

APE. So thou apprehend'st it; take it for thy labour.

TIM. How dost thou like this † jewel, *Apemantus*?

APE. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost
a man a doit.

TIM. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

APE. Not worth my thinking. — How now, Poet?

Poe. How now, philosopher?

APE. Thou ly'st.

Poe. Art not one?

APE. Yes.

Poe. Then I lye not.

APE. Art not a poet?

Poe. Yes.

APE. Then thou ly'st: look in thy last work, where
thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poe. That's not feign'd, he is so.

APE. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for
thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o'the
flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

TIM. What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

APE. E'en as *Apemantus* does now, hate a lord with
my heart.

TIM. What, thyself?

APE. Ay.

TIM. Wherefore?

APE. That I had so hungry a wit, to be a lord. — Art
not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus*.

APE. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

APE. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet. Enter a Servant.

TIM. What trumpet's that?

Ser. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

TIM. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. —

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me: — Go not you hence,
'Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece. — I am joyful of your fights. —

Enter ALCIBIADES, and his Company.

Most welcome, sir.

[*they salute.*]

APE. So, so; there! —

Aches contract and starve your supple joints! —
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

ALC. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your fight.

TIM. Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt All but Apemantus.*]

Enter two Lords.

1. *L.* What time of day is't, *Apemantus*?

APE. Time to be honest.

1. *L.* That time serves still.

APE. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2. *L.* Thou art going to lord *Timon's* feast?

APE. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2. *L.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APE. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2. *L.* Why, *Apemantus*?

APE. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1. *L.* Hang thyself.

APE. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2. *L.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

APE. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'the ass.

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*]

1. *L.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord *Timon's* bounty? he out-goes
The very heart of kindness.

2. *L.* He pours it out; *Plutus*, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1. *L.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2. *L.* Long may he live
In fortunes! Shall we in?

1. *L.* I'll keep you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A State-Room in the same.*

*Musick. A great Banquet serv'd in; Flavius, and other
Domesticks, awaiting. Flourish, and Enter TIMON, attended;*

ALCIBIADES, VENTIDIUS, Senators, Lords, &c:

then comes dropping in after all,

APEMANTUS discontentedly.

VEN. Most honour'd *Timon*,
 'T hath pleas'd the gods in kindness to remember
 My father's age, and call him to long peace.
 He is gone happy, and has left me rich :
 Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
 To your free heart, I do return those † talents,
 Doubl'd, with thanks, and service, from whose help
 I deriv'd liberty.

TIM. O, by no means,
 Honest *Ventidius* : you mistake my love ;
 I gave it freely ever ; and there's none
 Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
 To imitate them ; Faults, that are rich, are fair.

VEN. A noble spirit.

TIM. Nay, my lords, ceremony
[inviting them to sit to Table.]

Was but devis'd at first
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
 Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
 Than they to me. [they sit.]

I. L. My lord, we always have confest it.

APE. Ho, ho, confest it ? hang'd it, have you not ?

TIM. O, *Apemantus* ! — you are welcome.

APE. No ;

You shall not make me welcome :
 I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIM. Fie, thou'rtachurl ; you have got a humour there
 Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame : —
 They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,

²³ Then my Fortunes to

But yonder man is ever angry. —

Go, let him have a table by himself;

[to Att.]

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

APE. Do, let me stay at thine own peril, *Timon*;

I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

TIM. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an *Athenian*,

And therefore welcome: I myself would have

No power, but, pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

APE. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee. — O you gods, what a number

Of men eat *Timon*, and he sees 'em not!

'T grieves me, to see so many dip their meat

In one man's blood; and all the madness is,

He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:

Methinks, they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been prov'd.

If I were a huge man now, I should fear

To drink at meals;

Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

TIM. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

[to a Lord, who drinks to him.]

2. L. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

APE. Flow this way!

A most brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. *Timon*,

Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.

Here's † that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
 Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire :
 'This, and my food, are equals ; there's no odds.
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ; [Grace.

I pray for no man but myself :

Grant I may never prove so fond,

'To trust man on his oath, or bond ;

Or a harlot, for her weeping ;

Or a dog, that seems asleeping ;

Or a keeper with my freedom ;

Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to't :

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus*.

[falls to his Dinner apart.

TIM. Captain *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

ALC. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

TIM. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than
 a dinner of friends.

ALC. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's
 no meat like 'em ; I could wish my best friend at such a
 feast.

APE. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies
 then ; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

I. L. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that
 you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express
 some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever
 perfect.

TIM. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods
 themselves have provided that I shall have much help
 from you : How had you been my friends else ? why

have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a pretious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! o joy, e'en made away ere't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, me thinks: to forget their faults, I drink † to you.

APE. Thou weep'st to make them drink, *Timon.*

2. *L.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

APE. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3. *L.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

APE. Much!

[*Trumpet within.*]

TIM. What means that trump? — How now?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

TIM. Ladies? what are their wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

TIM. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

CUP. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*; — and to all
That of his bounties taste! — The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and are come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
These only now come but to feast thine eyes.

TIM. They're welcome all; let them have kind admittance: —

Musick, make known their welcome. [Exit CUPID.

I. L. You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

Musick. Re-enter CUPID with Masque of Ladies, dress'd like Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.

APE. Hey-day! why, what a sweep of vanity
Comes this way! And they dance! they are mad women,
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: 'T has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring
of *Timon*; and, to shew their Loves, each singles out
an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a
lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.

TIM. You have done our pleasures a much grace, fair
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, [ladies,

⁵ There taste, touch all, ⁶ They onely ¹⁰ Luc. You see

Which was not half so beautiful and kind ;
You have added grace unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device ;
I am to thank you for't.

1. L. My lord, you take us even at the best.

APR. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy ; and would not hold
Taking, I doubt me.

TIM. Ladies, there is within an idle banquet
Attends you ; Please you to dispose yourselves ?

Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt CUPID, and Ladies.*]

TIM. *Flavius*, —

Ste. My lord.

TIM. The little casket bring me hither.

Ste. Yes, my lord. —

"More jewels ! There's no crossing him in his humour ;"

"Else I should tell him, — Well, — i' faith, I should,"

"When all's spent, he'd be cross't then, an he could."

"'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind ;"

"That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind."

[*Exit, and returns with the Casket.*]

1. L. Where be our men, ho ?

Ser. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2. L. Our horses.

TIM. O my friends, I have one word
To say to you : — Look you, my good lord, I must
Intreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this † jewel ; accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1. L. I am so far already in your gifts, —

Lor. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate

16 Jewels yet ?

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

TIM. They are fairly welcome.

Ste. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

TIM. ~~Be~~ near ? why, then another time I'll hear thee :
I prythee, let us be provided ~~now~~
To shew them entertainment.

Ste. " I scarce know how. "

Enter a Servant.

Ser. May it please your honour, the lord *Lucius*,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver.

TIM. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents

Enter another Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd. — How now ? what news ?

Ser. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman,
The lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company
To-morrow, to hunt with him ; and has sent you
Two brace of grey-hounds.

TIM. I'll hunt with him ; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Ste. " What will this come to ? "

" He here commands us to provide, and give "

" Great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer : "

" Nor will he know his purse ; or yield me this, "

" To shew him what a beggar his heart is, "

" Being of no power to make his wishes good : "

" His promises fly so beyond his state, "

" That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes "

" For every word ; he is so kind, that he now "

" Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books. "

" Well, would I were gently put out of office, "

"Before I were forc'd out!"

"Happier is he that has no friends to feed,"

"Than such that do e'en enemies exceed."

"I do bleed inwardly for my lord." [Exit.

TIM. You do yourself much wrong, you bate too much
Of your own merits: — My lord, a trifle † of our love.

2. *L.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3. *L.* O, he's the very soul of bounty!

TIM. And now

I do remember me, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

1. *L.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
In that.

TIM. You may take my word, my lord; I know,
No man can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I tell you true. I'll call on you.

Lor. O, none so welcome.

TIM. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. — *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lye in a pitch'd field.

Alc. I defy land, my lord.

1. *L.* We are so virtuously bound, —

TIM. And so

Am I to you.

2. *L.* So infinite endear'd, —

6 merits. Heere my 18 I'll tell — call to you

TIM. All to you. — Lights, more lights.

1. L. The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord *Timon*!

TIM. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

APE. What a coil's here!

Serring of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt, whether their legs be worth the fums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'fies.

TIM. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

APE. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I should be brib'd too, there'd be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, *Timon*, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in proper shortly:
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

TIM. Nay,
An you begin to rail once on society,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewel; and come with better musick.

[*Exit.*]

APE. So;
Thou wilt not hear me now, — thou shalt not then,
I'll lock thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in a Senator's House.*
Enter Senator, *with Papers in his Hand.*

7 serving 18 paper 21 on Societie once

[Isidore,

Sen. And late, five thousand; — To *Varro*, and to
He owes nine thousand; — besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he, why, give my horse to *Timon*,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
Ten able horses: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state on safety. — *Caphis*, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

CAP. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord *Timon*;
Impórtune him for my monies: be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when —
Commend me to your master — and the cap
Plays in the right hand, † thus: but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,

8 buy twenty more 11 And able 14 state in saf-

When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

CAP. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir? take the bonds † along with you;
 And have the dates in compt.

CAP. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter Steward, with many Bills in his Hand.

Ste. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
 How things go from him; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue; Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done? he will not hear, 'till feel:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
 Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, ISIDORE, and VARRO.

CAP. Good even, *Varro*: What,
 You come for money?

VAR. Is't not your business too?

CAP. It is; — And yours too, *Isidore*?

ISI. It is so.

CAP. 'Would we were all discharg'd.

VAR. I fear't.

CAP. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, with Alcibiades, Lords, &c.

TIM. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
 My *Alcibiades*. — With me? What is your will?

CAP. My lord, here ₣ is a note of certain dues.

TIM. Dues? Whence are you?

CAP. Of Athens here, my lord.

TIM. Go to my steward.

CAP. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

TIM. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

CAP. Nay, good my lord, —

TIM. Contain thyself, good friend.

VAR. One Varro's ₣ servant, my good lord, —

ISI. From ₣ Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment, —

CAP. If you

Did know, my lord, my master's wants, —

VAR. 'Twas due

On forfeiture, my lord, six weeks, and past.

ISI. Your steward puts me off, my lord; and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

TIM. Give me breath: —

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.]

I'll wait upon you instantly. — Come hither; Pray you,
[to the Steward.]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

30 of debt, broken

Ste. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business :
Your importunacy cease, 'till after dinner ;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not pay'd.

TIM. Do so, my friends : —

See them well entertain'd.

[Exit TIMON.]

Ste. Pray you, draw near.

[Exit Steward.]

Enter APEMANTUS, and a Fool.

CAP. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with *Apemantus* ;
let's have some sport with 'em.

VAR. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

ISI. A plague upon him, dog !

VAR. How dost, fool ?

APE. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

VAR. I speak not to thee.

APE. No, 'tis to thyself. — Come away.

ISI. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

APE. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

CAP. Where's the fool now ?

APE. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and
usurer's men ; bawds between gold and want !

Ser. What are we, *Apemantus* ?

APE. Asses.

Ser. Why ?

APE. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know
yourselves. — Speak to 'em, fool.

Foo. How do you, gentlemen ?

Ser. Gramercies, good fool : How does your mistress ?

Foo. She's e'en setting on water, to scald such chick-
ens as you are. 'Would we could see you at *Corinth* !

APE. Good ! gramercy.

Enter a Page.

Foo. Look you, here comes my master's page.

Pag. Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? — How dost thou, *Apemantus*?

APE. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Pag. Pr'ythee, *Apemantus*, read me the superscription of these † letters; I know not which is which.

APE. Can'st not read?

Pag. No.

APE. There will little learning dye then, that day thou art hang'd. This † is to lord *Timon*; this † to *Alcibiades*. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt dye a bawd.

Pag. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit Page.*

APE. Even so thou out-run'st grace. — Fool, I will go with you to lord *Timon*'s.

Foo. Will you leave me there?

APE. If *Timon* stay at home. — You three serve three usurers?

Ser. Ay; 'would they serv'd us!

APE. So would I; as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Foo. Are you three usurers' men?

Ser. Ay, fool.

Foo. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

VAR. I could render one.

APE. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

VAR. What is a whore-master, fool?

Foo. A fool in good cloaths, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, 't appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

VAR. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Foo. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

APE. That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

Ser. Aside, aside; here comes lord *Timon*.

Re-enter TIMON, and Steward.

APE. Come with me, fool, come.

Foo. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exeunt Fool, and APEMANTUS.]

Ste. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt Servants.]

TIM. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully lay'd my state before me; That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means?

Ste. You would not hear me, At many leasures I propos'd.

TIM. Go to: Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back;

And that unaptness made you minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Ste. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Lay'd them before you ; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept ;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close : I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks ; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time ;
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

TIM. Let all my land be sold.

Ste. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone ;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues : the future comes apace :
What shall defend the interim ? and at length
How goes our reck'ning ?

TIM. To *Lacedæmon* did my land extend.

Ste. O my good lord, the world is but a word ;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone ?

TIM. You tell me true.

Ste. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept

With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wastful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

TIM. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ste. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who now is not *Timon's*?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord *Timon's*?
Great *Timon's*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon's*?
Ah, when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are coucht.

TIM. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Ste. Assurance bless your thoughts!

TIM. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.—
Within there, ho! *Flaminius! Servilius!*

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Ser. My lord, my lord, —

TIM. I will dispatch you severally. — You, to lord
Lucius, —

To lord Lucullus, you ; I hunted with his
Honour to-day, — you, to Sempronius, —
Commend me to their loves ; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money : let the request
Be fifty talents.

FLA. As you have said, my lord.

Ste. “ Lord Lucius, and Lucullus ? hum ! ”

TIM. Go you, sir, to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state’s best health, I have
Deserv’d this hearing) bid ’em send o’ the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Ste. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet, and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

TIM. Is’t true ? can’t be ?

Ste. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry — you are honourable,
But yet they could have wish’d — they know not, but
Something hath been amiss — a noble nature
May catch a wrench — would all were well — ’tis pity —
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

TIM. You gods reward them ! —

I pr’ythee, man, look cheerly : These old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
 Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
 And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy. —
 Go to *Ventidius*, — Pr'ythee, be not sad,
 Thou art true, and honest ; ingenuously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee : — *Ventidius* lately
 Bury'd his father ; by whose death, he is stept
 Into a great estate : when he was poor,
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
 I clear'd him with five talents : Greet him from me ;
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
 With those five talents : — that had, give't these fellows,
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
 That *Timon's* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Ste. I would, I could not think it ; That thought is
 bounty's foe ;

Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Lucullus's House.*
FLAMINIUS waiting ; Enter a Servant to him.

Ser. I have told my lord of you, he's coming down
 to you.

FLA. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Ser. Here's my lord.

LUC. "One of lord *Timon's* men ? a gift, I warrant."

"Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and"
 "ewre to-night." — *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*; you are
 very respectfully welcome, sir. — Fill me some wine. —
 [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, compleat,
 free-hearted gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good
 lord and master?

FLA. His health is well, sir.

LUC. I am right glad, that his health is well, sir:
 And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Fla-*
minius?

FLA. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which,
 in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to
 supply: who, having great and instant occasion to use
 fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him;
 nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

LUC. La, la, la, la, — nothing doubting, says he?
 Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would
 not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I
 ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again
 to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less:
 and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warn-
 ing by my coming. Every man has his fault, and ho-
 nesty is his; I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get
 him from't.

Re-enter Servant, with Wine.

Ser. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

LUC. *Flaminius*, I have noted thee always wise. Here's
 to thee. [*drinking, and giving Wine to him.*]

FLA. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

LUC. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly
 prompt spirit, — give thee thy due, — and one that knows
 what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if

the time use thee well : good parts in thee. — Get you gone, firrah. — [*Exit Servant.*] Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman : but thou art wise ; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money ; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three ₣ solidares for thee ; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

FLA. Is't possible, the world should so much differ ;
And we alive, that liv'd ? Fly, damned baseness,
[throwing back the Money.]

To him that worships thee.

LUC. Ha ! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. *[Exit LUCULLUS.]*

FLA. May these add to the number that may scald thee !

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself !
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights ? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion ! This slave
Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him :
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison ?
O, may diseases only work upon't ! *[ture,*
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of na-
Which my lord pay'd for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour ! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *The same. A publick Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

LUC. Who, the lord *Timon* ? he is my very good friend,

and an honourable gentleman.

1. S. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord *Timon's* happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUC. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2. S. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord *Lucullus*, to borrow fifty talents; nay, urg'd extreamly for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

LUC. How?

2. S. I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

LUC. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have receiv'd some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

SER. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. — My honour'd lord, —

LUC. *Servilius!* you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well; Commend me to thy honourable, virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

SER. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —

LUC. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending; How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

10 borrow so many Talents

SER. H'as only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with fifty talents.

LUC. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

SER. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

LUC. Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

SER. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

LUC. What a wicked beast was I, to diffurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little dirt, and undo a great deal of honour? — *Servilius*, now, before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say: I was sending to use lord *Timon* myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: And tell him this from me; I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

SER. Yes, sir, I shall.

LUC. I'll look you out a good turn, *Servilius*. —

[Exit SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, *Timon* is shrunk, indeed; And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

I. S. Do you observe this, *Hofilius*?

4 with so many Talents 14 little part, and

2. S. Ay, too well.

1. S. Why this is the world's foul; And just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, *Timon* has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, *Timon's* money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon's* silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (o, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. S. Religion groans at it.

1. S. For mine own part,

I never tasted *Timon* in my life,
Nor e'er came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right-noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy fits above conscience. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Sempronius' House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and Servant of Timon's.

SEM. Must he needs trouble me in't, 'bove all others?
He might have try'd lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*;

And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison : All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Ser. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal ; for
They have all deny'd him ?

SEM. How ! have they deny'd him ?
Has *Lucius*, and *Ventidius*, and *Lucullus*,
Deny'd him, say you ? and does he send to me ?
Three ? hum !

It shews but little love, or judgment, in him.
Must I be his last refuge then ? His friends,
Like thriv'd physicians, give him over ; Must
I take the cure upon me ?

H'as much disgrac'd me in't ; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place : I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man,
That e'er receiv'd gift from him :

And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last ? No : so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And among'st lords I shall be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;
I had such a courage to have done him good.
But now return,

And with their faint reply this answer join ;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit SEMPRONIUS.]

Ser. Excellent ! Your lordship's
A goodly villain. The devil knew not what

¹³ (like Physicians) Thrive, ²⁶ to do him

He did, when he made man so politick;
 He cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think,
 But, in the end, the villanies of man
 Will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives
 To appear foul? takes virtuous copies to
 Be wicked by; like those, that, under hot
 And ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire:
 Of such a nature is his politick love.
 This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
 Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master.
 And this is all a liberal course allows;
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter two Servants of Varro's, meeting TITUS, LUCIUS,
 HORTENSIVS, and Others, Servants to Timon's
 Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

1. V. Well met; good morrow, Titus, and Hortensius.

TIT. The like to you, kind Varro.

HOR. Lucius,

What, do we meet together?

LUC. Ay, and, I think,

One business does command us all; for mine

Is money.

TIT. So is † theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

LUC. And fir-

Philotus too!

PHI. Good day at once.

† only the Gods

LUC. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

PHI. Labouring for nine.

LUC. So much?

PHI. Is not my lord seen yet?

LUC. Not yet.

PHI. I wonder on't; he was won't to shine at seven.

LUC. Ay, but the days are waxt shorter with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal's course

Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord *Timon's* purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

PHI. I am of your fear for that.

TIT. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money:

HOR. Most true, he does.

TIT. And he wears jewels now of *Timon's* gift,
For which I wait for money.

HOR. It is against my heart.

LUC. Mark you, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

HOR. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of *Timon's* wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

I. V. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's yours?

LUC. Five thousand mine.

I. V. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;

Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

TIT. One of lord Timon's men.

LUC. *Flaminius?* — Sir, a word; Pray, is my lord Ready to come forth?

FLA. No, indeed, he is not.

TIT. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

FLA. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too

Enter Steward in a Cloke, muffled. [diligent.

LUC. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

TIT. Do you hear, sir? [Exit FLAMINIUS.

2. V. By your leave, sir, —

Ste. What do you ask of me, my friend?

TIT. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Ste. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then prefer'd you not
Your sums, and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they would smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,
To stir me up; let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

LUC. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Ste. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [Exit Steward.

1. V. How's that? what says he? what does
His cashier'd worship mutter?

2. V. No matter what; he's poor,
And that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader,

Than he that has no house to put his head in ?
Such may have leave to rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

TIT. O, here's *Servilius*; now we shall know
Some answer.

SER. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
But to repair some other hour, I should
Derive much from't : for, take it o' my soul,
My lord leans wondrously to discontent :
His comfortable temper has forsook him ;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

LUC. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick :
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

SER. Good gods !

TIT. We can't take this for answer, sir.

FLA. [*within.*] *Servilius*, help ! my lord, my lord, —

Enter TIMON, Flaminius following.

TIM. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage ?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail ?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart ?

LUC. Put in now, *Titus*.

TIT. My lord, here is my † bill.

LUC. Here's † mine.

HOR. And † mine, my lord.

VARS. And † ours, my lord.

PHI. All our † bills.

TIM. Knock me down with 'em,
Cleave me to the girdle.

LUC. Alas, my lord, —

TIM. Cut out

My heart in fums.

TIT. Mine, fifty talents.

TIM. Tell out

My blood.

LUC. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

TIM. Five thousand drops

Pays that : — What yours ? — and yours ?

1. V. My lord —

2. V. My lord, —

TIM. Here tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon [you !

[Exit TIMON.

HOR. Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their caps at their money ; these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[Exit Creditors' Servants.

Re-enter TIMON, Steward following.

TIM. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves : Creditors ! devils.

Ste. My dear lord, —

TIM. What if it should be so ?

Ste. My lord, —

TIM. I'll have it so : — My steward ? —

Ste. Here, my lord.

TIM. So fitly ? — Go, bid all my friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, all ;

I'll once more feast the rascals.

Ste. O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul ;

There is not so much left, to furnish out

A moderate table.

TIM. Be it not in thy care ; go,
I charge thee, invite them all : let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide.

SCENE V. The same. The Senate-House.

Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1. S. My lord, you have my voice to't ; the fault's
'Tis necessary, he should dye : [bloody ;
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2. S. Most true ; the law shall bruise 'em.

ALC. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate !

1. S. Now, captain ?

ALC. I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lye heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of comely virtues :

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise ;
(And honour in him, which buys out his fault)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe :

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1. S. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To bring man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born :
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath ; and make his wrongs
His out-sides, wear them, like his rayment, carelessly ;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill ?

Alc. My lord, —

1. *S.* You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain. —

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats ? nay, sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy ? Or, if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad ? why then, sure, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;
The ass, more than the lion ; and the fellow
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good :
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extreamest gust ;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger, is impiety :
But who is man, that is not angry ?

¹ forme, and set ⁷ Out-sides, | To weare ²⁴ v. Note.

Weigh but the crime with this.

2. S. You breath in vain.

ALC. In vain? his service done
At *Lacedæmon*, and *Byzantium*,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1. S. What's that?

ALC. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of our enemies :
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. S. He has made too much plenty with 'em ; he
Is a sworn rioter : he has a sin
That often drowns him, takes his valour prisoner ;
And, if there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him : in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions : 'Tis infer'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1. S. He dies.

ALC. Hard fate ! he might have dy'd in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both :
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1. S. We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,

13 him, and takes

He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

ALC. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2. *S.* How?

ALC. Call me
To your remembrance.

3. *S.* What?

ALC. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be; I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace;
My wounds ake at you.

1. *S.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

ALC. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1. *S.* If after two days' shine *Athens* contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell your
He shall be executed presently.

[*spirit*,

Exeunt Senate.

ALC. Now the gods keep you old; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!

I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I my self
Rich only in large hurts; All those, for this?

Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment?

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd,

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up

⁶ remembrances. ¹⁹ swell our Spirit ²² old enough, | That

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
 'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds:
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*]

*SCENE VI. The same. State-Room in Timon's House.
 Musick. Tables cover'd. Domesticks attending.*

Enter divers Senators, Lords, &c.

1. *L.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2. *L.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1. *L.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2. *L.* It should not be, by the persuation of his new feasting.

1. *L.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2. *L.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1. *L.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2. *L.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1. *L.* A thousand pieces.

2. *L.* A thousand pieces!

1. *L.* What of you?

2. *L.* He sent to me, sir, — Here he comes.

Flourish. Enter TIMON, attended.

TIM. With all my heart, gentlemen both ; And how fare you ?

1. L. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2. L. The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

TIM. "Nor more willingly leaves winter ; such" "summer birds are men." Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay : feast your ears with the musick a while ; if they will fare so harshly, as o'the trumpet's sound : we shall to't presently.

1. L. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

TIM. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2. L. My noble lord, —

TIM. Ah, my good friend ! what cheer ?

[Banquet brought in.

2. L. My most honourable lord, I am en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

TIM. Think not on't, sir.

2. L. If you had sent but two hours before, —

TIM. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. —

[goes toward the Table.

Come, bring in all together.

2. L. All cover'd dishes !

1. L. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3. L. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1. L. How do you ? What's the news ?

3. L. Alcibiades is banish'd : Hear you of it ?

1. 2. Alcibiades banish'd !

3. L. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1. *L.* How? how?

2. *L.* I pray you, upon what?

TIM. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3. *L.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2. *L.* This is the old man still.

3. *L.* Wilt hold? wilt hold?

2. *L.* It does: but time will — and so.

3. *L.* I do conceive. [*they approach the Table.*]

TIM. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool, ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Let the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at a table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The rest of your fees, o gods, — the senators of *Athens*, together with the common lag of people, — what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, — as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

TIM. May you a better feast never behold,

[*Dishes discover'd, fill'd only with warm Water.*]

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water,
Is your perfection. This is *Timon's* last;

Who, stuck and spangl'd with your flatteries,

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,

Cap and knee flaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physick first, — thou too, — and thou; —

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. —

[*throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, *Athens*! henceforth hated be

Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity. [Exit TIMON.]

Re-enter Lords, &c.

1. L. How now, my lords?

2. L. Know you the quality of lord *Timon's* fury?

3. L. Pish! did you see my cap?

4. L. I have lost my gown.

1. L. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humours
sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and
now he has beat it out of my hat: — Did you see my
jewel?

3. L. Did you see my cap?

2. L. Here † 'tis.

4. L. Here lies my † gown.

5 you with 24 Push, 30 2. Did 31 3. Here

1. *L.* Let's make no stay.
 2. *L.* Lord *Timon's* mad.
 3. *L.* I feel't upon my bones.
 4. *L.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.
-

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same. Fields without the Wall.
Enter TIMON, meanly habited.

TIM. Let me look back upon thee, o thou wall,
 That girdl'st in those wolves; Dive in the earth,
 And fence not *Athens*! Matrons, turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
 Pluck the grave wrinkl'd senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads! to general filths
 Convert o'the instant, green virginity,
 Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal;
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed,
 Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,
 And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap

22 girdles 31 And yet Con-

On *Athens*, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the *Athenian* bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be meerly poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town:

Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!

Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The *Athenians* both within and out that wall!

And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!

Amen.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. Room in Timon's House.*

Enter Steward, and certain Servants. [ter?

1. S. Hear you, good master steward; where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Ste. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1. S. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone; and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2. S. As we do turn our backs

From our companion, thrown into his grave;
 So his familiars from his bury'd fortunes
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shun'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our follows.

Enter other Servants.

Ste. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3. *S.* Yet do our hearts wear *Timon's* livery,
 That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
 Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
 Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
 Into this sea of air.

Ste. Good fellows all,
 The latest of my wealth I'll share among't you.
 Wherever we shall meet, for *Timon's* sake,
 Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
 As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;

[giving them Money.]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[embrace, and Exeunt Servants.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since riches point to misery, and contempt?
 Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
 But in a dream of friendship?
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
 Undone by goodness! — Strange, unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord, — blest, to be most accurst;
 Rich, only to be wretched; — thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III. *Woods; a Cave in View.*

Enter TIMON, with a Spade.

TIM. O blessed breeding fan, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twin'd brothers of one womb, —
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant, — touch them with several fortunes,
 The greater scorns the lesser: Not his nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour:
 It is the pasture lards the weather's sides,
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,

5 doe still 26 deny't that 27 Senators 29 the Brothers

So are they all; for every grize of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villany. Therefore, be abhor'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, *Timon* disdains:
 Destruction phang mankind! — Earth, yield me roots:

[digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist; Roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus † much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
 Ha, you gods! why this? why this, you gods? Why, this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads;
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions, bless the accurst;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench: this ~~this~~ is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the *April*-day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature. [Drum.] Ha! adrum? Thou'rt quick,
 But yet I'll bury † thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:

Nay, stay thou † out for earnest.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with PHRYNIA and TYMANDRA;
Soldiers, at a Distance, marching.

ALC. What art thou there? speak.

TIM. A beast, as thou art: The canker gnaw thy heart,
For shewing me again the eyes of man!

ALC. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

TIM. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

ALC. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

TIM. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, total gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell † whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

PHR. Thy lips rot off!

TIM. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

ALC. How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

TIM. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

ALC. Noble *Timon*,
What friendship may I do thee;

TIM. None but *this*,
To maintain my opinion.

ALC. What is it, *Timon*?

TIM. Promise me friendship, but perform none : If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man ! if thou dost promise, and
Perform, confound thee, for thou art a man !

ALC. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

TIM. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

ALC. I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

TIM. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

TRM. Is this the *Athenian* minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully ?

TIM. Art thou *Tymandra* ?

TRM. Yes.

TIM. Be a whore still ! they love thee not, that use thee ;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves
For tubs, and baths ; bring down the rose-cheek'd youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

TRM. Hang thee, monster !

ALC. Pardon him, sweet *Tymandra* ; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities. —
I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band : I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed *Athens*, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them, —

TIM. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

ALC. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

TIM. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble ?
I had rather be alone.

ALC. Why, fare thee well :
Here is some † gold for thee.

TIM. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

ALC. When I have lay'd proud *Athens* on a heap, —

TIM. War'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

ALC. Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

TIM. The gods confound them in thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

ALC. Why me, *Timon*?

TIM. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born
To conquer thy own countrey.

Put up thy gold: Go on, — here's † gold, — go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He is an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-lawn bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,

Whose dimpl'd smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects,

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's ‡ gold to pay thy soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone. [me,

ALC. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st

5 them all in 9 conquer my Country
19 window Barne 21 But set 24 the throat

Not all thy counsel.

[thee!

TIM. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon

Wom. Give us some gold, good *Timon*; Hast thou more?

TIM. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whore a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable, —
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you, — spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turn-coats: Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: thatch your poor thin roofs
With burthens of the dead; — some that were hang'd,
No matter; — wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face,
A pox of wrinkles!

Wom. Well, more gold; — What then? —
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

TIM. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's sparring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
'That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
'That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular not foresees,
Smels for the general weal: make curl'd-pateruffians bald;
And let the unscar'd braggarts of the war

5 Whores 15 contrary, And Thatch 24 spurring
27 scold't 30 particular to foresee | Smels from the

Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. There's more † gold :
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !

[*mon.*

Wom. More counsel, with more money, bounteous *Timon*.
TIM. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given
you earnest.

[*Timon* ;

ALC. Strike up the drum towards *Athens*. Farewel,
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

TIM. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

ALC. I never did thee harm.

TIM. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

ALC. Call'st thou that harm ?

TIM. Men daily find it. Hence ;

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

ALC. We but offend him. — Strike.

[*March.*

[*Exeunt* *ALCIBIADES*, &c. *PHR.* and *TYM.*

TIM. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry : — Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all ; o thou, whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon *Hyperion's* quick'ning fire doth shine ;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root ! [*dig.*
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marble mansion all above
 Never presented! — O, a † root, — Dear thanks!
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with licorish draughts,
 And morsels unctious, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips! —

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague, plague!

APE. I was directed hither: Men report,
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

TIM. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
 Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

APE. This is in thee a nature but affected;
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
 This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lye soft;
 Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these weeds,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee: hindege thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
 To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
 That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
 Rascals should hav't. Do not assume my likeness.

TIM. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

APE. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool : What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boist'rous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candy'd with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures, —
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer meer nature, — bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find —

TIM. A fool of thee: Depart.

APE. I love thee better now than ere I did,

TIM. I hate thee worse.

APE. Why?

TIM. Thou flatter'st misery.

APE. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

TIM. Why dost thou seek me out?

APE. To vex thee.

TIM. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

APE. Ay.

TIM. What a knave thou!

APE. If thou did'st put this four cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out-vies uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never compleat;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable.

TIM. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.
 Had'st thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
 Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
 In general riot ; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary ;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment :
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak ; and with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows : I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burthen :
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men ?
 They never flatter'd thee : What hast thou given ?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject ; who in spite put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ; be gone !
 If thou had'st not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

APÉ. Art thou proud yet ?

TIM. Ay, that I am not thee.

7 The sweet 9 command'st : 18 Oake, have with

APE. I, that I was
No prodigal.

TIM. I, that I am one now :
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of *Athens* were in † this !
Thus would I eat it. [gnawing a Root.]

APE. Here, † I will mend thy feast.
[throwing him a Crust.]

TIM. First mend my company, take away thyself.

APE. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

TIM. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;
If not, I would it were.

APE. What would'st thou have to *Athens* ?

TIM. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there, I have gold ; look, † so I have.

APE. Here is no use for gold.

TIM. The best, and truest :
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

APE. Where ly'st o' nights, *Timon* ?

TIM. Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou o'
days, *Apemantus* ?

APE. Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather, where
I eat it.

TIM. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind.

APE. Where would'st thou send it ?

TIM. To sauce thy dishes.

APE. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends : When thou wast in thy
guilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much
courtesy ; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd

for the contrary. There's a † medlar for thee, eat it.

TIM. On what I hate I feed not.

APE. Dost hate a medlar?

TIM. Ay, though it look like thee.

APE. An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou should'st have lov'd thyself better now. What man did'st thou ever know unthrift, that was below'd after his means?

TIM. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, did'st thou ever know below'd?

APE. Myself.

TIM. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

APE. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

TIM. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

APE. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

TIM. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

APE. Ay, *Timon*.

TIM. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the as: if thou wert the as, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and

make thine own self the conquest of thy fury : wert thou a bear, thou would'st be kill'd by the horse ; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the leopard ; wert thou a leopard, thou wert germane to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life : all thy safety were remotion ; and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast ? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation ?

APE. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here : The common-wealth of *Athens* is become a forest of beasts.

TIM. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city ?

APE. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter : The plague of company light upon thee ! I will fear to catch it, and give way : When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

TIM. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than *Apemantus*.

APE. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

TIM. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

APE. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

TIM. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

APE. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

TIM. If I name thee, —

I'd beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

APE. I would my tongue could rot them off.

TIM. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog !

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive ;

I swoon to see thee.

APE. 'Would thou would'st burst.

TIM. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee.

[*throwing at him.*]

APE. Beast!

TIM. Slave!

APE. Toad!

TIM. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought,
But e'en the meer necessities upon it.

Then, *Timon*, presently prepare thy grave;
Lye where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*looking on the Gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler
Of *Hymen's* purest bed! thou valiant *Mars*!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on *Dian's* lap! thou visible god,
That folder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kifs; that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! o thou touch of hearts,
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

APE. 'Would 'twere so;—

[*advancing.*]

But not 'till I am dead.—I'll say thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

TIM. Throng'd to?

APF. Ay.

TIM. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

APF. Live, and love thy misery!

TIM. Long live so, and so dye! — So, I am quit.

[*Exit APFEMANTUS.*]

More things like men? Eat, *Timon*, and abhor them.

Enter certain Thieves.

1. *T.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The meer want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2. *T.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3. *T.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2. *T.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1. *T.* Is not this he?

The. Where?

2. *T.* 'Tis his description.

3. *T.* He; I know him.

The. Save thee, *Timon*.

TIM. Now, thieves?

The. Soldiers, not thieves.

TIM. Both, both; and women's sons.

The. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

TIM. Your greatest want is, you want much of men.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;

The bounteous huswife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mefs before you. Want? why want?

1. *T.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

⁶ abhorre then. v. *Note.* ²⁴ Both too, and ²⁶ of meat

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

[fishes;

TIM. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and
 You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
 That you are thieves profess; that you work not
 In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
 In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
 Here's † gold: Go, suck the subtle blood o'the grape,
 'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
 Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The earth into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
 Rob one another. There's more † gold: Cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
 Break open shops; for nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
 Amen.

[retiring towards his Cave.

3. T. H'as almost charm'd me from my profession, by
 persuading me to it.

1. T. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus
 advises us, not to have us thrive in our misery.

2. *T.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1. *T.* Let us first see peace in *Athens*.

2. *T.* There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt Thieves.*]

Enter Steward.

Ste. O you gods!

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

Why, what an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made!

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies:

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me, than those that do.

H'as caught me in his eye: I will present

My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life. — My dearest master!

TIM. Away! what art thou?

Ste. Have you forgot me, sir?

TIM. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I've forgot thee.

Ste. An honest poor servant of yours.

TIM. Nay, then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man

About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,

To serve in meat to villains.

Ste. The gods are witnesses,

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief

For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you. [I love thee,

TIM. What, dost thou weep? — Come nearer: — then
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strangetimes, that weep with laughing, not with weeping.

Ste. I beg of you to know me, my good lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor † wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

TIM. Had I a steward then, so true, so just,
And now so comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
Thy face: Surely, this man was born of woman. —
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man, — mistake me not, but one;
No more, I pray you, — and he is a steward. —
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
Is't not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Ste. No, my most worthy master, — in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least. —
That which I shew, heaven knows, is meerly love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living:
And, *o*, believe it, my most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange't
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

TIM. Look ye, 'tis so! — Thou singly honest man,
Here, *†* take; the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all: shew charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Ste. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

TIM. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; but fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Timon's Cave.*

Enter Poet, and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.

Pai. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far

¹⁰ Looke thee, ¹² Ha's sent

where he abides.

Poe. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pai. Certain: *Alcibiades* reports it; *Phrynia* and *Tymandra* had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor stragling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poe. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pai. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in *Athens* again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poe. What have you now to present unto him?

Pai. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poe. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pai. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament; which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

TIM. "Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint"
"a man so bad as is thyself."

Poe. I am thinking, what I shall say I have pro-

vided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satyr against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

TIM. "Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine"
"own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other"
"men? Do so, I have gold for thee."

Pai. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Poe. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.

[going towards the Cave.]

TIM. "I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,"
"That he is worship'd in a baser temple,"
"Than where swine feed!"
"'Tis thou that rig'st the bark, and plow'st the foam;"
"Setl'st admired reverence in a slave:"
"To thee be worship! and thy faints for aye"
"Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!"
"'Fit I do meet them." *[puts himself in their Way.]*

Poe. Hail, worthy *Timon*:

Pai. Our late noble master.

TIM. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poe. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence

8 *Poe.* Nay 11 *Painter.* True 20 worship

T 2

To their whole being ! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

TIM. Let it go naked, men may see't the better :
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pai. He, and myself,
Have travel'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

TIM. Ay, you are honest men.

Pai. We are hither come to offer you our service.

TIM. Most honest men ! Why, how shall I requite you ?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ? no.

both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

TIM. You're honest men : You've heard that I have gold ;
I am sure, you have ; speak truth : you're honest men.

Pai. So it is said, my noble lord : but therefore
Came not my friend, and I.

TIM. Good honest men : — Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all *Athens* : thou'rt, indeed, the best ;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pai. So, so, my lord.

TIM. Ev'n so, sir, as I say : — And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art. —
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault :
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you ; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.

TIM. You'll take it ill.

both. Most thankfully, my lord.

TIM. Will you, indeed?

both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIM. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

both. Do we, my lord?

TIM. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery; yet love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pai. I know none such, my lord.

Poe. Nor I.

TIM. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

TIM. You † that way, — and you † this, — not two in
Each man apart, all single and alone, [company;
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company. —
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near † him: — If thou would'st not reside
But where one villain is, then him † abandon. —
Hence! pack! there's † gold, you came for gold, ye slaves;
You have work for me, there is † payment: Hence! —
You are an alchymist, make gold of † that: —
Out, rascal dogs! [Exit, beating them out.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Ste. It is in vain, that you would speak with *Timon*;

† 9 this: | But two

T 3

For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. S. Bring us to his cave :
It is our part, and promise to the *Athenians*,
To speak with *Timon*.

2. S. At all times alike
Men are not still the same : 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus : time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him : Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Ste. Here † is his cave. —
Peace and content be here ! Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,
Look out, and speak to friends : The *Athenians*,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee ;
Speak to them, noble *Timon*.

Enter TIMON. [be hang'd :
TIM. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn ! — Speak, and
For each true word, a blister ! and each false
Be cancerizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

1. S. Worthy *Timon*, —

TIM. Of none but such as you, and you of *Timon*.

1. S. The senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon* :

TIM. I thank them ; and would send them back the
Could I but catch it for them. [plague,

1. S. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee :
The senators, with one consent of love,
Intreat thee back to *Athens* ; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lye

For thy best use and wearing.

2. S. They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
But now the publick body, — which doth seldom
Play the recanter, — feeling in itself
A lack of *Timon's* aid, hath sense withal
Of it's own fail, restraining aid to *Timon*;
And sends forth us, to make their sorrows' tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Then their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

TIM. You witch me in it;

Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1. S. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens* (thine, and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace:

2. S. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of *Athens*.

1. S. Therefore, *Timon*, —

TIM. Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir; Thus, —
If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,

4 Which now 6 since 7 fall 8 sorrowed render

That *Timon* cares not. But if he sack fair *Athens*,
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
 Then let him know, and, tell him, *Timon* speaks it,
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,
 I cannot choose but tell him, — that I care not,
 And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
 While you have throats to answer: for myself,
 There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
 But I do prize it at my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosperous gods,
 As thieves to keepers.

Ste. Stay not, all's in vain.

TIM. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
 It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness
 Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
 Be *Alcibiades* your plague, you his,
 And last so long enough!

1. *S.* We speak in vain.

TIM. But yet I love my country; and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,
 As common bruit doth put it:

1. *S.* That's well spoke.

TIM. Commend me to my loving countrymen, — [them.

1. *S.* These words become your lips as they pass through

2. *S.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
 In their applauding gates.

TIM. Commend me to them;
 And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,

Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
 That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them,
 I'll teach them to prevent wild *Alcibiades'* wrath.

1. S. I like this well, he will return again.

TIM. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,
 And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
 Tell *Athens*, in the sequence of degree,
 From high to low throughout, that whoso' please
 To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
 And hang himself: I pray you, do my greeting. [him.

Ste. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find

TIM. Come not to me again: but say to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
 Which once a day with his embossed froth
 The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
 Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
 What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
 Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
 Sun, hide thy beams! *Timon* hath done his reign.

[Exit TIMON.]

1. S. His discontents are unremoveably
 Coupl'd to his nature.

2. S. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
 And strain what other means is left unto us
 In our dear peril.

1. S. It requires swift foot,

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Athens. A Council-Chamber.

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1. S. Thou hast painfully discover'd ; Are his files
As full as thy report ?

Mef. I have spoke the least :
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2. S. We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mef. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;—
And, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends :—this man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's* cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

1. S. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators, from Timon.

1. S. No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect ;
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choak the air with dust : In, and prepare ;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The Woods. A rude Tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description, this should be the place.
Who's here ? speak, ho ! No answer ? — What is this ?
[*Spying the Tomb.*

Timon is dead, he hath out-stretch'd his span.
Some beast rear'd this ; here does not live a man.
Dead, sure ; and this his grave. What's on this tomb ?

¹¹ Whom though ¹² love made a
³⁰ dead, who hath ³¹ read this ; There

I cannot read ; the character I'll take
 With wax : [*applying a waxen Table.*]
 Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
 An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :
 Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

ALC. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
 Our terrible approach. [*Parley sounded.*]

Enter Senators, &c. upon the Walls.

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
 With all licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of justice ; 'till now myself, and such
 As slept within the shadow of your power,
 Have wander'd with our travest arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly : Now the time is flush,
 When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
 Cries, of itself, *No more* : now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
 And purfy insolence shall break his wind,
 With fear, and horrid flight.

1. *S.* Noble, and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
 Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of fear,
 We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratiitudes with loves
 Above their quantity.

2. *S.* So did we woo
 Transformed *Timon* to our city's love,
 By humble message, and by promis'd 'mends :

We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1. S. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2. S. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tythed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted.

1. S. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenge: crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended; like a shepherd
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2. S. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1. S. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;

So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2. S. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, All thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

ALC. Then, there's my † glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports :
Those enemies of *Timon's*, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more : and, — to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, — not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedy'd by your publick laws
At heaviest answer.

Sen. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

ALC. Descend, and keep your words.

*Senators come from the Walls, and deliver
their Keys to Alcibiades.*

Enter Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, *Timon* is dead ;
Intomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea :
And, on his grave-stone, this ‡ insculpture ; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

ALC. [reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched
soul bereft :*

*Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked caitiffs
left !*

*Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men did
bate :*

*Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here
thy gate.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brine's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low grave. — On : faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble *Timon* ; of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leach. —
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

TITUS

ANDRONICUS.

Persons represented.

Saturninus, and } Sons of a deceas'd Emperor,
Bassianus, Brothers; } and Contenders for the Empire;
Saturninus gaining it.

Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman, and Commander:
Marcus, his Brother:

Lucius, }
Quintus, } Sons to Titus:
Martius, and }
Mutius, }

Boy, Son to Lucius:

Gentleman, of their House.

Æmilius, a noble Roman;

two other noble Romans;

a Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown, Romans.

Chiron, and } Sons to Tamora:
Demetrius, }

Aaron, a Moor, her Paramour.

three noble Goths.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths.

Lavinia, Titus' Daughter.

a Nurse.

Alarbus, Son to Tamora: a black Child.

Gentlemen of Titus' House: Senators, &c. Romans.

Guards, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants,
Romans and Goths.

Scene, Rome; and Parts adjacent.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. Place before the Capitol ;
in it, the Tomb of the Andronici. Senators, &c. aloft ;
a great Crowd below : Enter SATURNINUS, and his
Followers, on one Side ; and BASSIANUS, and his, on
the other ; with Drum and Colours.*

SAT. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords :
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome ;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity. [right, —

BAS. Romans, — friends, followers, favourers of my
If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the capitol ;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility :
But let desert in pure election shine ;

And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter, among the Senators, aloft,

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

MAR. Princes, — that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery, —
Know, that the people of *Rome*, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In fair election for the empery,
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*
For many good and great deserts to *Rome*;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous *Goths*;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of *Rome*, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in arms.
Let us intreat, — By honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeeded;
And in the capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore, —
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suiters should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

SAT. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

BAS. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee, and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his sons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbl'd all,
Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome's* rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Followers of Bassianus.*]

SAT. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt Followers of Saturninus.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee. —
Open the gates, tribunes, and let me in.

BAS. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. with a few, ascend the Capitol;*
and Exeunt, with Senators, and MARCUS.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Trumpet. Enter a Captain, and Others.

Cap. Romans, make way; The good *Andronicus*,
Patron of virtue, *Rome's* best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yolk, the enemies of *Rome*.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c.

Enter certain of the Troops of Titus, marching

*slowly; then MUTIUS, and MARTIUS, abreast;
after them, Persons bearing a Coffin, cover'd with
black; then QUINTUS, and LUCIUS; and then
TITUS ANDRONICUS; Officers behind: After them,
TAMORA, with Alarbus, CHIRON, and DEME-
TRIUS, her Sons, Aaron, and other Goths, Pri-
soners; Soldiers, and People, following. Bearers set
down the Coffin, and Titus advances.*

TIT. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh *Andronicus*, bound with laurel boughs,
To resalute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to *Rome*. —
Thou great defender of this capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend! —
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead:
These, that survive, let *Rome* reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unbury'd yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of *Styx*? —
Make way to lay them by their bretheren. —

[*Tomb open'd.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,

Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store;
That thou wilt never render to me more?

LUC. Give us the proudest prisoner of the *Goths*;
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

TIT. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

TAM. Stay, *Roman* brethren; — *[giving them Alarbus,*
Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy *Roman* yolk;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble *Titus*, spare my first-born son.

TIT. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you *Goths* beheld
Alive, and dead; and, for their brethren slain,

Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
 To this your son is mark'd; and dye he must,
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

LUC. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Sons with Alarbus,*

TAM. O cruel irreligious piety!

CHI. Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

DEM. Oppose not *Scythia* to ambitious *Rome*.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive,
 To tremble under *Titus'* threatening look:
 Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
 The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of *Troy*
 With opportunity of sharp revenge
 Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in his tent,
 May favour *Tamora*, the queen of *Goths*,
 (When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was queen)
 To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter Sons, with their Swords bloody.

LUC. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
 Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus'* limbs are lopt,
 And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
 Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
 Remaineth nought, but to interr our brethren,
 And with loud 'larums welcome them to *Rome*.

TIT. Let it be so; and let *Andronicus*
 Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Solemn and warlike Musick.*

Coffin lay'd into the Tomb.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA, attended.

LAV. In peace and honour live lord *Titus* long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to *Rome*:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes *Rome's* best citizens applaud.

TIT. Kind *Rome*, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart! —
Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,
In fame's eternal date for virtue's praise!

*Enter, from the Capitol, MARCUS ANDRONICUS,
SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and Others.*

MAR. Long live lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome*!

TIT. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

MAR. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp;
That hath aspir'd to *Solon's* happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed. —
Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,

Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
 This † palliament of white and spotless hue;
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons;
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless *Rome*.

TIT. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
 What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
 Be chose with proclamations to-day;
 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy foldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully;
 And bury'd one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country:
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a scepter to controul the world;
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

MAR. *Titus*, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

SAT. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

TIT. Patience, prince *Saturnine*.

SAT. *Romans*, do me right;—

Patricians, draw your swords; and sheath them not,
 'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome's* emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipt to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

LUC. Proud *Saturnine*! interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee!

TIT. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

BAS. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I dye :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be ; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

TIT. People of *Rome*, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus* ?

Tri. To gratify the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.

TIT. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord *Saturnine* ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan's* rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal :
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him ; and say, *Long live our emperor !*

MAR. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus* *Rome's* great emperor,
And say, *Long live our emperor Saturnine !*

[*Flourish ; and Shouts of, Long live, &c.*]

SAT. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And, for an onset, *Titus*, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred *Pántheon* her espouse :

Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee?

TIT. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace.
And here, in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturnine*, —
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor, — do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy *Rome's* imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbl'd at thy feet.

SAT. Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

TIT. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[to *Tamora*.]
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

SAT. "A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue"
"That I would choose, were I to choose anew." —
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome*:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of *Goths*. —
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

LAV. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

SAT. Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*. — *Romans*, let us go;

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

[*Flourish. Saturninus addresses Tamora.*]

BAS. Lord *Titus*, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*seizing Lavinia,*

TIT. How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my lord?

BAS. Ay, noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

MAR. *Suum cuique*, is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUC. And that he will, and shall, if *Lucius* live.

TIT. Traitors, avaunt! — Where is the emperor's
Treason, my lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd. [guard; —

SAT. Surpriz'd! By whom?

BAS. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit, bearing off LAVINIA; MARCUS, and
Titus' Sons, guarding them; Mutius last.*]

MUT. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

TIT. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

MUT. My lord, you pass not here.

TIT. What, villain boy! [affailing him.
Bar'st me my way in Rome?

MUT. Help, *Lucius*, help! [falls, and dies.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TIT. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:

Traitor, restore *Lavinia* to the emperor.

LUC. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,

That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit.

SAT. No, *Titus*, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in *Rome* to make a stale of,
But *Saturnine*? Full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree these deeds, with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the empire at thy hands.

TIT. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

SAT. But go thy ways, go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the common-wealth of *Rome*.

TIT. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

SAT. And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, queen of *Goths*,—
That, like the stately *Phæbe* 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of *Rome*,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of *Rome*.
Speak, queen of *Goths*, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the *Roman* gods, —
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for *Hymenæus* stands, —
I will not resalute the streets of *Rome*,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

TAM. And here, in sight of heaven to *Rome* I swear,

If *Saturnine* advance the queen of *Goths*,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth: [pany

SAT. Ascend, fair queen, *Pantheon* : — Lords, accom-
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride ;
Sent by the heavens for prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and Followers, with*
TAMORA, her Sons, Aaron, Goths, &c.

TIT. I am not bid to wait upon this bride : —
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS,
and MARTIUS.

MAR. O *Titus*, see, o, see what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

TIT. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

LUC. But let us give him burial, as becomes ;
Give *Mutius* burial with our bretheren.

TIT. Traitors, away ; he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edify'd :
Here none but soldiers, and *Rome's* servitors,
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls :
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

MAR. My lord, this is impiety in you :
My nephew *Mutius's* deeds do plead for him ;
He must be bury'd with his bretheren.

QUI. *MAR.* And shall, or him we will accompany.

TIT. And shall! What villain was it; spake that word?

MAR. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

TIT. What, would you bury him in my despight?

MAR. No, noble *Titus*; but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

TIT. *Marcus*, even thou hast strook upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

QUI. He is not with himself, let us withdraw.

MAR. Not I, 'till *Mutius'* bones be buried.

[*Marcus and Titus' Sons kneel to him.*]

MAR. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

MAR. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

TIT. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

MAR. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul,—

LUC. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

MAR. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That dy'd in honour and *Lavinia's* cause.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.
The *Greeks*, upon advice, did bury *Ajax*
That slew himself; and wise *Laertes'* son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be bar'd his entrance here.

TIT. Rise, *Marcus*, rise:—

The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in *Rome*! —
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius put into the Tomb.*]

LUC. There lye thy bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb! — [friends,
No man shed tears for noble *Mutius*;
He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.

all. No man, &c. [Tomb clos'd.

MAR. My lord, — to step out of these dreary dumps, —
How comes it, that the subtle queen of *Goths*
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in *Rome*?

TIT. I know not, *Marcus*; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Enter, on one Side,

SATURNINUS, and his Train, with TAMORA,

Goths, &c. on the other, BASSIANUS, and his,

with Lavinia.

SAT. So, *Bassianus*, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

BAS. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

SAT. Traitor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

BAS. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

SAT. 'Tis good, sir. You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

BAS. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:

By all the duties that I owe to *Rome*,
 This noble gentleman, lord *Titus* here,
 Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd ;
 That, in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
 With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
 In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
 To be controul'd in that he frankly gave :
 Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,
 That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
 A father, and a friend, to thee, and *Rome*.

TIT. Prince *Bassianus*, leave to plead my deeds ;
 'Tis thou, and † those, that have dishonour'd me :
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
 How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine* !

TAM. My worthy lord, if ever *Tamora*
 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
 Then hear me speak indifferently for all,
 And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

SAT. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
 And basely put it up without revenge ?

TAM. Not so, my lord ; The gods of *Rome* forefend,
 I should be author to dishonour you !
 But on mine honour dare I undertake
 For good lord *Titus*' innocence in all,
 Whose fury, not dissembl'd, speaks his griefs :
 Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
 Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.
 " My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,"
 " Dissemble all your griefs, and discontents :"
 " You are but newly planted in your throne ;"
 " Lest then the people, and patricians too,"

"Upon a just survey, take *Titus*' part,"
 "And so supplant us for ingratitude,"
 "(Which *Rome* reputes to be a heinous sin)"
 "Yield at intreats, and then let me alone:"
 "I'll find a day to massacre them all,"
 "And rase their faction, and their family,"
 "The cruel father, and his trait'rous sons,"
 "To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;"
 "And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen"
 "Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain."
 Come, come, sweet emperor, — come, *Andronicus*, —
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

SAT. Rise, *Titus*, † rise ; my emprefs hath prevail'd,

TIT. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord :
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

TAM. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
 A *Roman* now adopted happily,
 And must advise the emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels dye, *Andronicus* ; —
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. —
 For you, prince *Bassianus*, I have pass'd
 My word and promise to the emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable. —
 And fear not, lords, — and you, *Lavinia* ; —
 By my advise, all-humbl'd on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

LUC. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
 That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
 Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

MAR. That on mine honour here I do protest.

SAT. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.

TAM. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends :
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;
I will not be deny'd, sweet heart, look back.

SAT. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults :
Stand † up.—

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a batchelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends : —
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

TIT. To-morrow an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With hound and horn we'll give your grace *bonjour*.

SAT. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

AAR. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash ;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glif'ring coach,

And overlooks the highest-peering hills :
 So *Tamora* : —
 Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 Then, *Aaron*, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch ; whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains ;
 And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming eyes,
 Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts !
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made emperess.
 To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this *Semiramis* ; this nymph,
 This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,
 And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
 Hola ! what storm is this ?

Enter CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, braving.

DEM. *Chiron*, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

CHI. *Demetrius*, thou dost overween in all ;
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.

'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
 Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate :

I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for *Lavinia's* love.

AAR. Clubs ! clubs ! these lovers will not keep the peace.

DEM. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,

¹⁵ this Queene, | This Syren, ²⁶ gracious, or thee

Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glew'd within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.

CHI. Mean while, fir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare, [*draws.*

DEM. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*draws too.*

AAR. Why, how now, lords? [*interposing.*

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge;
I would not, for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

DEM. Not I; 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

CHI. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd.
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

AAR. Away, I say. — [*beating down their Swords.*
Now by the gods that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all. —
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is, to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassanus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

CHI. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world. [choice;

DEM. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AAR. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device,

CHI. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to atchieve her whom I love.

AAR. To atchieve her! How?

DEM. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is,
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though *Bassianus* be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan's* badge.

AAR. "Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may." [it

DEM. Then why should he despair, that knows to court
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

AAR. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

CHI. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

DEM. *Aaron*, thou hast hit it.

AAR. 'Would you had hit it too ;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye ; And are you such fools,
To square for this ? Would it offend you then,
That both should speed ?

CHI. I'faith, not me.

DEM. Nor me, so I were one.

AAR. For shame, be friends ; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect ; and so must you resolve ;
That, what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus*' love.
A speedier course than ling'ring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop :
The forest walks are wide and spacious ;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany :
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words :
'This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
'To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
'That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
'The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :

15 course this ling-

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in *Lavinia's* treasury.

CHI. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.

DEM. Sit fas, aut nefas, 'till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Chace near Rome. Court before a Lodge.*

*Horns, and Cry of Hounds, heard. Enter TITUS,
and Train of Hunters, &c. MARCUS, Lucius,
Quintus, and Martius.*

TIT. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor, and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubl'd in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd. —

Hunters wind a Peal.

*Enter SATURNINUS, Tamora, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,
Chiron, DEMETRIUS, and Train.*

Many good morrows to your majesty; —
Madam, to you as many and as good! —
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

SAT. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-marry'd ladies.

BAS. *Lavinia*, how say you?

LAV. I say, no ;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

SAT. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport : — Madam, now shall ye see
Our *Roman* hunting.

MAR. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

TIT. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

DEM. "*Chiron*, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,"
"But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The same: A desert Part of it.

Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold, which he hides.

AAR. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany :
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

TAM. My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rowled in the chearful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweet shade, *Aaron*, let us sit ;

And,—whilst the babling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise :
 And,—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wandering prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
 While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
 Be unto us as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

AAR. Madam, though *Venus* govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine :
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?
 My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unrowl
 To do some fatal execution ?
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, *Tamora*,—the empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
 This is the day of doom for *Bassianus* ;
 His *Philomel* must lose her tongue to-day,
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus*' blood.
 See'st thou this † letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scrawl :—
 Now question me no more, we are espy'd ;

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter BASSIANUS, and LAVINIA.

TAM. Ah, my sweet *Moor*, sweeter to me than life!

AAR. No more, great empress; *Bassianus* comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons,
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit AARON.*]

BAS. Who have we here? *Rome's* royal emperess,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it *Dian*, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

TAM. Saucy controuler of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as were *Actæon's*; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

LAV. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis thought, you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are singl'd forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

BAS. Believe me, queen, your swarth *Cimmerian*
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhorrible.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,

7 quarrell 10 of our well 17 as was Ac- 18 upon his new

If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAV. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For faucinefs: — I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BAS. The king my brother shall have note of this.

LAV. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

TAM. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS. [ther?

DEM. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mo-
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAM. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place;

A bare detested vale, you see, it is:

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss, and baleful miffelto:

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else dye suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me, foul adulterers,

Lascivious *Goth*, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed :
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be not henceforth call'd my children.

DEM. This † is a witness, that I am thy son. [strength.

CHI. And this † for me ; strook home to shew my
[stabing suddenly Bassianus ; who falls.

LAV. I come, *Semiramis*, — nay, barbarous *Tamora* ;
For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

TAM. Give me thy poniard ; — you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

DEM. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her ;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that paint now braves your mightiness :
And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

CHI. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAM. But, when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

CHI. I warrant you, madam ; we will make that sure. —
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

LAV. O, *Tamora* ! thou bear'st a woman's face, —

TAM. I will not hear her speak ; away with her.

LAV. Sweet lords, intreat her hear me but a word,

DEM. Listen, fair madam : let it be your glory,
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them,

As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

LAV. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
E'en at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny. —

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity. [bastard?

CHI. What, would'st thou have me prove myself a

LAV. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, (o, could I find it now!)

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

TAM. I know not what it means; away with her.

LAV. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake, —
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee, —
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

TAM. Had'st thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless: —
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:
Therefore away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

LAV. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have beg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

TAM. What beg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

LAV. 'Tis present death, I beg ; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :
O, keep me from their worfe-than-killing lust ;
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body :
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAM. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

DEM. Away ; for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

LAV. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah beastly creature !
The blot and enemy to our general name !
Confusion fall, — [her husband ;

CHI. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth : — Bring thou
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[DEM. throws the Body of BAS. into the Pit :
Exeunt he and CHI. dragging off LAV.

TAM. Farewel, my sons : fee, that you make her sure : —
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all the *Andronici* be made away.
Now will I hence, to seek my lovely Moor ;
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

AAR. Come on, my lords ; the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

QUI. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MAR. And mine, I promise you : were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[falls into the Pit.

QUI. What, art thou fall'n ? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;
 Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
 As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?
 A very fatal place it seems to me :—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

MAR. O, brother, with the dismalest object,
 That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

AAR. "Now will I fetch the king, to find them here ;"
 "That he thereby may have a likely guess,"
 "How these were they that made away his brother."

[*Exit AARON.*]

MAR. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
 From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

QUI. I am surprized with an uncouth fear :
 A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints ;
 My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

MAR. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
 And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

QUI. *Aaron* is gone ; and my compassionate heart
 Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
 The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise :
 O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er 'till now
 Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

MAR. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrued here,
 All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
 In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

QUI. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he ?

MAR. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
 A precious ring, that lightens all the hole ;
 Which, like a taper in some monument,
 Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,

And shews the ragged entrails of this pit :
 So pale did shine the moon on *Pyramus*,
 When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood :
 O brother, help me with thy fainting hand, —
 If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath, —
 Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
 As hateful as *Cocytus*' misty mouth.

QUI. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
 Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
 I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
 Of this deep pit, poor *Bassianus*' grave.
 I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

MAR. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

QUI. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
 'Till thou art here aloft, or I below :
 Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS, and AARON.

SAT. Along with me : I'll see what hole is here ;
 And what he is, that now is leapt into it. —
 Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

MAR. The unhappy son of old *Andronicus* ;
 Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
 To find thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

SAT. My brother dead ! I know, thou dost but jest :
 He and his lady both are at the lodge,
 Upon the north-side of this pleasant chase ;
 'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

MAR. We know not where you left him all alive,
 But, out-alas ! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, attended; TITUS, and Lucius.

TAM. Where is my lord the king ?

SAT. Here, *Tamora*; though griev'd with killing grief.

TAM. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

SAT. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor *Bassianus* here lies murdered.

TAM. Then all too late I bring this † fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murd'rous tyranny.

SAT. [*reads.*] *An if we miss to meet him handsomly, —*
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean, —
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O, *Tamora*, was ever heard the like! —

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd *Bassianus* here.

AAR. My gracious lord, here † is the bag of gold.

SAT. Two of thy whelps, [*to Tit.*] fell curs of bloody
Have here bereft my brother of his life: — [kind,
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

TAM. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

TIT. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
(Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them) —

SAT. If it be prov'd ! you see, it is apparent. —
Who found this letter ? *Tamora*, was it you ?

TAM. *Andronicus* himself did take it up.

TIT. I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail :
For by my father's reverend tomb I vow,
They shall be ready, at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

SAT. Thou shalt not bail them : see, thou follow me : —
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers :
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

[*Attendants draw Quintus, and Martius, out
of the Pit, and the Body of Bassianus ; and
Exeunt, bearing them off.*]

TAM. *Andronicus*, I will entreat the king ;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

[*Exeunt SAT. TAM. AAR. and Train.*]

TIT. Come, *Lucius*, come ; stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt TITUS, and Lucius.*]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter *CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS*,
with *Lavinia, ravish'd ; her Hands cut off,*
and *her Tongue cut out.*

DEM. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas, that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

CHI. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

DEM. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

CHI. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

DEM. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash :

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

CHI. An 'twere my cause, I should go hang myself.

DEM. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt* CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS.

*Horns within: Lavinia starts, and is making
from them; Enter* MARCUS.

MAR. Who's this, — my niece? — that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband? —

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep! —

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hand
Hath lop'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,

As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stir'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some *Tereus* hath deflowered thee;

And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood, —

As from a conduit, with three issuing spouts, —

Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan's* face,

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?

O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopt,

¹² hands ²³ detect them, ²⁶ their issuing

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair *Philomela* she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withal;
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than *Philomel*.
 O, had the monster seen those lilly hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the filken strings delight to kiss them,
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made;
 He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
 As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery!
[Exit, with Lavinia.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, &c. and Officers of Justice,
 with Quintus and Martius, bound, passing to Execu-
 tion; TITUS before, pleading.*

TIT. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent

In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in *Rome's* great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they dy'd in honour's lofty bed:
 For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[throwing himself on the Ground.

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
[Tribunes, &c. pass Titus, and Excunt with the Prisoners.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
 O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful *April* shall with all his showers:
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes! gentle, aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

LUC. O noble father, you lament in vain;
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

TIT. Ah, *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead:—
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

¹⁷ ancient ruins, ²⁴ Tribunes, oh gen-

LUC. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

TIT. Why, 'tis no matter, man: [*rises.*] if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

LUC. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

TIT. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and *Rome* affords no prey,
But me, and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

Enter MARCUS, and Lavinia.

MAR. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

TIT. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

MAR. This † was thy daughter.

TIT. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.

LUC. Ah me! this object kills me!

TIT. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
 Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee helpless in thy father's sight?
 What fool hath added water to the sea?
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
 My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st;
 And now, like *Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds.—
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too:
 For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain;
 And they have nur'd this woe, in feeding life;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
 Now, all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
 'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands;
 For hands, to do *Rome* service, is but vain.

LUC. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

MAR. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet-vary'd notes, enchanting every ear.

LUC. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

MAR. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

TIT. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
 But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my soul. —
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have maddened me; What shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lively body so?
 Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
 Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this: —
 Look, *Marcus*! ah, son *Lucius*, look on her!
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd. [husband:
MAR. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her
 Perchance, because she knows them innocent.
TIT. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them. —
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes. —
 Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiss thy lips;
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?

2^d knowes him inn- 3^d stain'd in mead-

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shews
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some devise of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

LUC. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your grief,
 See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps. [eyes.

MAR. Patience, dear niece ; — good *Titus*, dry thine

TIT. Ah, *Marcus*, *Marcus*, brother, well I wote,
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

LUC. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TIT. Mark, *Marcus*, mark ! I understand her signs :
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee ;
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks,
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this !
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

AAR. *Titus Andronicus*, my lord the emperor
 Sends thee this word, — That, if thou love thy sons,
 Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thyself, old *Titus*,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
 And send it to the king : he, for the same,
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
 And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

TIT. O gracious emperor ! O gentle *Aaron* !

20 with her true

Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart I'll send the king my hand;
Good *Aaron*, wilt thou help to chop it off?

LUC. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

MAR. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemies' casque?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

AAR. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they dye before their pardon come.

MAR. My hand shall go.

LUC. By heaven, it shall not go.

TIT. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

LUC. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

MAR. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

TIT. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

LUC. Then I'll go fetch an axe,

MAR. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and MARCUS.*]

TIT. Come hither, *Aaron*; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

AAR. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—
“But I'll deceive you in another sort ;”
“And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.”

[*cuts off Titus' Hand.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, and MARCUS.

TIT. Now stay your strife: what shall be, is dispatch'd.—
Good *Aaron*, give his majesty my hand :
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

AAR. I go, *Andronicus* : and, for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :—
“Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany”
“Doth fat me with the very thought of it !”
“Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace ;”
“*Aaron* will have his foul black like his face.”

[*Exit, with Titus' Hand.*]

TIT. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call ;—What, wilt thou kneel with me ? [*to Lav.*]
Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our prayers ;
Or with our sighs we'll breath the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MAR. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extrems.

TIT. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

MAR. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

TIT. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes :
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face ?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?
I am the sea, hark how her sighs do blow ;
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :
For why ? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, with two Heads,
and a Hand.*

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the † heads of thy two noble sons ;
And here's thy † hand, in scorn to thee sent back ;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd :
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exit Messenger]

MAR. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
These miseries are more than may be born :
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath!

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kifs is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery! — Dye, *Andronicus*;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangl'd daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah, now no more will I controul thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnaw with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; Why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,

And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
 And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things,
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy arms.
 As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
 Hye to the *Goths*, and raise an army there:
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss, and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and *Lavinia*.]

Luc. Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father;
 The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in *Rome*!
 Farewel, proud *Rome*! 'till *Lucius* come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble sister;
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
 But now nor *Lucius*, nor *Lavinia*, lives,
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
 If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs;
 And make proud *Saturninus* and his empress
 Beg at the gates, like *Tarquin* and his queen.
 Now will I to the *Goths*, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*.

[*Exit*.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Room in Titus' House: Banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, and MARCUS, with *Lavinia*,
 and a young Boy, Son to *Lucius*.

TIT. So, so; now fit: and look you eat no more,
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

⁵ v. Note. ¹⁵ He loves his

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus † I thump it down. —
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans:
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears, that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

MAR. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TIT. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?
Why, *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none. —
Fye, fye! how frantickly I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands! —
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat ‡ this: —
Here is no drink! — Hark, *Marcus*, what she says; —

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ; —
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks : —
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments;
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

MAR. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

TIT. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away. —

What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife ?

MAR. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

TIT. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,
 Becomes not *Titus'* brother : Get thee gone ;
 I see, thou art not for my company.

MAR. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

TIT. But ! How if that fly had a father, sir ?
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
 And buz lamenting dolings in the air ?
 Poor harmless fly !

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast kill'd him.

MAR. Pardon me, sir ; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
 Like to the empress' *Moor* ; therefore I kill'd him.

TIT. O, o! Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me. —

There's † for thyself; and that's † for *Tamora*;

Ah, sirra! —

Why, yet, I think, we are not brought so low,

But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

MAR. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

TIT. Come, take away. — *Lavinia*, go with me:

I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old. —

Come, boy, and go with me; thy fight is young,

And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Titus' House.*

Enter TITUS, and MARCUS. Then, Enter young

Lucius, running; Lavinia after him.

Boy. Help, grandfire, help! my aunt *Lavinia*

Follows me every where, I know not why: —

Good uncle *Marcus*, see, how swift she comes! —

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

MAR. Stand by me, *Lucius*; do not fear thine aunt.

TIT. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome*, she did.

MAR. What means my niece *Lavinia* by these signs?

17 begin

TIT. Fear her not, *Lucius* : — Somewhat doth she
See, *Lucius*, see, how much she makes of thee : [mean : —
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and *Tully's* oratory. [thus ?

MAR. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :
For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;
And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*
Ran mad through sorrow : That made me to fear :
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly ;
Causeless, perhaps : — But pardon me, sweet aunt :
And, madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

MAR. *Lucius*, I will.

TIT. How now, *Lavinia* ? — *Marcus*, what means this ?

[seeing her turn over the Books *Lucius* has let fall.

Some book there is, that she desires to see : —
Which is it, girl, of these ? — Open them, boy. —
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. —
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

MAR. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact ; — Ay, more there was : —

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

TIT. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphosis*;
My mother gave it me.

MAR. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

TIT. Soft, soft; how busily she turns the leaves;
Help her:

What would she find? — *Lavinia*, shall I read;

This is the tragic tale of *Philomel*,

And treats of *Tereus'* treason, and his rape;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

MAR. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes the leaves!

TIT. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods? —
See, see! —

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

MAR. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies! [friends, —

TIT. Give signs, sweet girl, — for here are none but
What *Roman* lord it was, durst do the deed:

Or slunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,

That left the camp to sin in *Lucrece'* bed? [me. —

MAR. Sit down, sweet niece; — brother, sit down by
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find! —

My lord, look here; — look here, *Lavinia*:

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'st,

This † after me, when I have writ my name
 Without the help of any hand at all. — [his Arms.
 [He takes his Staff in his Mouth, and writes, guiding it with
 Curst be that heart that forc'd us to this shift! —
 Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
 What god will have discover'd for revenge:
 Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
 That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

*Lavinia takes the Staff, and writes,
 using it as above.*

TIT. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ!
Stuprum — Chiron — Demetrius.

MAR. What, what! the lustful sons of *Tamora*
 Performers of this heinous bloody deed?

TIT. ——— *Magne dominator poli,
 Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

MAR. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although I know,
 There is enough written upon this earth,
 To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
 And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
 My lord, kneel down with me; *Lavinia*, kneel;
 And kneel, sweet boy, the *Roman Hector's* hope;
 [all kneel.

And swear with me, — as with the woeful feer,
 And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
 Lord *Junius Brutus* swear for *Lucrece's* rape, —
 That we will prosecute, by good advice,
 Mortal revenge upon these trait'rous *Goths*,
 And see their blood, or dye with this reproach.

TIT. ——— 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
 But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
 The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,

She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman *Marcus*; let it alone.
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like *Sibyl's* leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then? — Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that, if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yolk of *Rome*.

MAR. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

TIT. Come, go with me into mine armory;
Lucius, I'll fit thee: and, withal, my boy,
Shalt carry for me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandfire.

TIT. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.—

Lavinia, come: — *Marcus*, look to my house:

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;

Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Boy, Titus, and Lavinia.*]

MAR. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his extasy;

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:

But yet so just, that he will not revenge: —

¹⁸ Shall carry

Revenge thee, heaven, for old *Andronicus* ! [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS, and AARON; CHIRON meeting them;
with him, young Lucius, and an Attendant,
with a Bundle of Weapons, and
Verses writ upon them.

CHI. *Demetrius*, here's the son of *Lucius*;
He hath some message to deliver us. [father.

AAR. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from *Andronicus*; —

“And pray the *Roman* gods, confound you both.”

DEM. Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*; What's the news?

Boy. “That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,”
“For villains mark'd with rape.” — May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me [lords,
The goodliest weapons of his armory,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of *Rome*; for so he bad me say,
And so I do; and with his gifts † present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, — “like bloody villains.”

[Exeunt Boy, and Attendant.

DEM. What's here? A scrawl; and written round about?
Let's see: [reads.

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.*

CHI. O, 'tis a verse in *Horace*; I know it well;
I read it in the grammar long ago. [it.”

AAR. “Ay, just; — a verse in *Horace*; — right, you have

† Revenge the heavens

"Now, what a thing it is, to be an afs!"
 "Here's no fondjest: the old man hath found their guilt;"
 "And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,"
 "That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:"
 "But, were our witty emprefs well a-foot,"
 "She would applaud *Andronicus*' conceit."
 "But let her rest in her unrest a while." —

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
 Led us to *Rome*, strangers, and, more than so,
 Captives, to be advanced to this height?
 It did me good, before the palace gate
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

DEM. But me more good, to see so great a lord
 Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

AAR. Had he not reason, lord *Demetrius*?
 Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

DEM. I would we had a thousand *Roman* dames
 At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

CHI. A charitable wish, and full of love.

AAR. Here's lack but of your mother, to say amen.

CHI. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

DEM. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
 For our beloved mother in her pains.

AAR. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.
 [*Trumpets within.*]

DEM. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

CHI. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEM. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse hastily, with a Child in her Arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moor?

AAR. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,

Here *Aaron* is; And what with *Aaron* now?

Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

AAR. Why, what a caterwawling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately *Rome's* disgrace; —
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd!

AAR. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

AAR. Well, god

Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

AAR. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime;
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

AAR. Out on you, whore! is black so base a hue! —
Sweet blowze, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

DEM. Villain, what hast thou done?

AAR. Done! that which thou
Canst not undo.

CHI. Thou hast undone our mother.

AAR. Villain, I have done thy mother.

DEM. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance! and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

CHI. It shall not live.

AAR. It shall not dye.

Nur. *Aaron*, it must; the mother wills it so.

AAR. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEM. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:—
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

AAR. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[taking the Child from the Nurse, and drawing.]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*,

With all his threat'ning band of *Typhon's* brood,

Nor great *Alcides*, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—

Tell the emperess from me, I am of age

To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

DEM. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

AAR. My mistress is my mistress; this, my self;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in *Rome*.

DEM. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

CHI. *Rome* will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

CHI. I blush, to think upon this ignomy.

AAR. Why, there's the priviledge your beauty bears:
Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart.

Here's a young † lad fram'd of another leer:

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of that self blood that first gave life to you;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. *Aaron*, what shall I say unto the empress?

DEM. Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice:

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

AAR. Then sit we † down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:—

Keep † there:— Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

DEM. How many women saw this child of his?

AAR. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the *Moor*,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as *Aaron* storms.—

But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. *Cornelia* the midwife, and myself;

And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

AAR. The empress, the midwife, and yourself.

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:

Go to the empress; tell her, this † I said:— [*kills her.*]

Weke, weke! — so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

DEM. What mean'st thou, *Aaron*? Wherefore didst thou

AAR. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy : [this?

Shall she live, to betray this guilt of ours,

A long-tongu'd babling gossip? no, lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one *Muliteus libes*, my countryman :

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;

His child is like to her, fair as you are :

Go, pack with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all ;

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

But, hark ye, lords ; Ye see, I have given her physick,

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :

This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

CHI. *Aaron*, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

DEM. For this care of *Tamora*,

Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt* CHI. and DEM. bearing off the Nurse.

AAR. Now to the *Goths*, as swift as swallow flies ;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And secretly to greet the empress' friends. —

Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I'll bear you hence ;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 And feast on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up,
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. A publick Place.*

*Enter TITUS, carrying Arrows, with Letters
 on the Ends of them ; with him, certain
 Gentlemen of his Kindred, MARCUS, and
 young Lucius, bearing Bows.*

TIT. Come, Marcus, come ; — Kinsmen, this is the
 Sir boy, now let me see your archery ; [way : —
 Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight. —

—— *Terras Astræa reliquit* : ——

Be you remember'd, Marcus ; she's gone, she's fled. —

Sirs, take you to your tools. — You, cousins, shall

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;

Hapily, you may find her in the sea.

Yet there's as little justice as at land : —

No ; Publius, and Sempronius, you must do it :

'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth :

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you to deliver him this petition :

Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid ;

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome. —

Ah, Rome ! — Well, well ; I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. —

Go, get you gone : and, pray, be careful all,

3 And feede on

And leave you not a man of war unsearcht;
This wicked emperor may have ship'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

MAR. O, *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract.

I. G. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget some careful remedy.

MAR. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the *Goths*; and, with revengeful war,
Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

TIT. *Publius*, how now? how now, my masters? What;
What, have you met with her?

I. G. No, my good lord: but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with *Jove* in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

TIT. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels. —

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops'* size:
But metal, *Marcus*, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear: —
And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell;
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. — You're a good archer, *Marcus*;

[pulling out his Arrows.]

Ad Jovem, that's † for you : — Here, † *ad Apollinem* : —

Ad Martem, — †, that's for myself : —

Here, † boy, to *Pallas* : — Here, † to *Mercury* : —

To *Saturn*, † *Caius* ; not to *Saturnine*,

You were as good to shoot against the wind. —

To it, my boys. — *Marcus*, loose when I bid. —

Sirs, o' my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unfollicited.

MAR. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court ;
We will afflict the emperor in his pride. [*Lucius!*]

TIT. Now, masters, draw. — [*They shoot.*] O, well said,
Good boy, in *Virgo's* lap, she'll give it *Pallas* !

MAR. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon ;
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

TIT. Ha ! *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done ?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus's* horns.

MAR. This was the sport, my lord : when *Publius* shot,
The bull, being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court ;
And who should find them, but the empress' villain :
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor*, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

TIT. Why, there it goes : God give your lordship joy !

Enter Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.

News, news from heaven ! *Marcus*, the post is come. —
Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?
Shall I have justice ? what says *Jupiter* ?

Clo. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he hath
taken them down again ; for the man must not be hang'd
'till the next week.

TIT. But what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee ?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not *Jupiter* ; I never drank

† *Apollinem* 4 *Saturnine*, to *Caius* 13 I aime a

with him in all my life.

TIT. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

CLO. Ay, of my pigeons, fir; nothing else.

TIT. Why, did'st not thou come from heaven?

CLO. From heaven? alas, fir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to pres to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

MAR. Why, fir, this is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

TIT. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

CLO. Nay, truly, fir, I could never say grace in all my life.

TIT. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. [charges.— Hold, hold; — mean while here's ₧ money for thy Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

CLO. Ay, fir.

TIT. Then here ₧ is a supplication for you. And, when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kifs his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, fir; see you do it bravely.

CLO. I warrant you, fir; let me alone.

TIT. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.— Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—

And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tir. Come, *Marcus*, let us go:—*Publius*, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINE, and TAMORA, attended;

*Saturnine with the Arrows in
his Hand, that Titus shot.*

SAT. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever
An emperor in *Rome* thus over-born, [seen
Troubl'd, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
(However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits;
Shall we be thus afflicted in his freaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to *Jove*; and this to *Mercury*;
This to *Apollo*; this to the god of war:
Sweet scowls, to fly about the streets of *Rome*!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in *Rome* no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:

21 his wreakes,

But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In *Saturninus*' health; who, if he sleep,
He'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAM. My gracious lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus*' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scar'd his heart;
And rather pity his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. — "Why, thus it shall become"
"High-witted *Tamora* to gloze with all:"
"But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,"
"Thy life-blood out: if *Aaron* now be wise,"
"Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port." —

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistship be imperial.

TAM. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. — God, and saint *Stephen*, give you good
den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pi-
geons here.

[*Saturnine reads the Letter.*]

SAT. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

TAM. Come, firrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r-lady, then I have brought up a
neck to a fair end.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

SAT. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds: —
May this be born? — as if his traitr'ous sons,

2 whome if

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
 Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully. —
 Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
 Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege: —
 For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man,
 Sly frantick wretch; that holp't to make me great,
 In hope thyself should govern *Rome* and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, *Æmilius*?

ÆMI. Arm, arm, my lords; *Rome* never had more cause!
 The *Goths* have gather'd head; and, with a power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain, under conduct
 Of *Lucius*, son to old *Andronicus*;
 Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
 As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

SAT. Is warlike *Lucius* general of the *Goths*?
 These tidings nip me; and I hang the head,
 As flowers with frost, or grafs beat down with storms.
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
 'Tis he, the common people love so much;
 Myself hath often overheard them say,
 (When I have walked like a private man)
 That *Lucius*' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that *Lucius* were their emperor.

TAM. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

SAT. Ay, but the citizens favour *Lucius*;
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

TAM. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
 Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby;

Knowing, that, with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure stint their melody :
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of *Rome*.
 Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep ;
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

SAT. But he will not entreat his son for us.

TAM. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will :
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises ; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue. —
 Go thou before, [*to Æmi.*] be our ambassador ;
 Say, that the emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

SAT. *Æmilius*, do this message honourably :
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

ÆMI. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*]

TAM. Now will I to that old *Andronicus* ;
 And temper him with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
 And now, sweet emperor, be blith again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

SAT. Then go incessantly, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Plains near Rome.

16 before to be 20 stand in hostage 28 successantly

A a 2

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Lucius, and Goths.

LUC. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein *Rome* hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1. *G.* Brave slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt;
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st, —
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowred fields, —
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

GOT. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

LUC. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with
his Child in his Arms.*

2. *G.* Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse;
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy bue bewray whose brat thou art,

*Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace! — even thus he rates the babe, —
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddenly ; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.*

Luc. O worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand :
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust. —
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
Why dost not speak ? What, deaf ? No ; not a word ? —
A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aak. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good. —
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder. [*Ladder brought : Aaron led up it.*

AAR. *Lucius*, save the child ;
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear :
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more ; But vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say, on ; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

AAR. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, *Lucius*,
 'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak.

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason; villanies
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
 And this shall all be bury'd by my death,
 Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

LUC. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

AAR. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

LUC. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
 That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

AAR. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
 Yet, — for I know thou art religious,
 And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe, —
 Therefore I urge thy oath: — For that, I know,
 An idiot holds his bauble for a god;
 And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
 To that I'll urge him: — Therefore thou shalt vow
 By that same god, — what god soe'er it be,
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence, —
 To save my boy, nourish, and bring him up;
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

LUC. Even by my god I swear to thee, I will.

AAR. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

LUC. O most insatiate luxurious woman!

AAR. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
 'Twas her two sons, that murder'd *Bassianus*:

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands off; trim'd her as thou saw'st.

LUC. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

AAR. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trim'd; and
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it. ['twas

LUC. O barbarous beastly villains, like thyself!

AAR. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extream laughter:
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

1. *G.* What! can'st thou say all this, and never blush?

AAR. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUC. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

2 off, and trim'd 28 She sounded

AAR. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
 Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse)
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
 As kill a man, or else devise his death;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
 Set deadly enmity between two friends;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks; set fire
 On barns and hay-stacks in the night, and bid
 The wretched owners quench them with their tears:
 Oft have I dig'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when their sorrow almost was forgot;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
Let not your sorrow dye, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUC. Bring down the devil; for he must not dye
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

AAR. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire;
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

LUC. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

3. *G.* My lord, there is a messenger from *Rome*,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

LUC. Let him come near.

[*Exit Goth.*

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, *Æmilius* : What's the news from *Rome* ?

ÆMI. Lord *Lucius*, and you princes of the *Goths*,
The *Roman* emperor greets you all by me :
And for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house ;
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1. G. What says our general ?

LUC. *Æmilius*, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father, and my uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come. — Away. [*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. Court of Titus' House.*

Enter, in disguis'd Attirements, TAMORA,

CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS.

TAM. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with *Andronicus* ;
And say, I am revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;
Tell him, revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, above.

TIT. Who doth molest my contemplation ?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door ;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect ?
You are deceiv'd : for what I mean to do,
See † here, in bloody lines I have set down ;
And what is written shall be executed.

¹² march away. *Exeunt.*

TAM. Lord *Titus*, I am come to talk with thee.

TIT. No; not a word; How can I grace my talk;
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more. [me.]

TAM. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with

TIT. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAM. Know, thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

TIT. Art thou revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAM. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

TIT. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where rape, and murder, stands:
Now give some 'surance that thou art revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;

And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy rapine and murder there.

TAM. These are my ministers, and come with me.

TIT. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

TAM. Rapine, and murder: therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

TIT. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit from above.*]

TAM. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for revenge:
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for *Lucius* his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practise out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

TIT. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :
 Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house ; —
 Rapine, and murther, you are welcome too : —
 How like the empress and her sons you are !
 Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor* : —
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil ? —
 For, well I wote, the empress never wags,
 But in her company there is a *Moor* ;
 And, would you represent our queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil :
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

TAM. What would'st thou have us do, *Andronicus* ?

DEM. Shew me a murtherer, I'll deal with him.

CHI. Shew me a villain that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

TAM. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
 And I will be revenged on them all.

TIT. Look round about the wicked streets of *Rome* ;
 And, when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
 Good murther, stab him ; he's a murtherer. —
 Go thou with him ; and, when it is thy hap
 To find another that is like to thee,
 Good rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher. —
 Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
 There is a queen, attended by a *Moor* ;
 Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
 For up and down she doth resemble thee ;
 I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
 They have been violent to me and mine.

TAM. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress, and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart:
What says *Andronicus* to this devise?

TIT. *Marcus*, my brother! 'tis sad *Titus* calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius*;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Goths*:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the *Goths*;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

MAR. This will I do, and soon return again.

[Exit MARCUS.]

TAM. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

TIT. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

TAM. "What say you, boys? will you abide with him,"
"Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,"
"How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?"
"Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,"

"And tarry with him 'till I turn again." [mad;"]

TIT. "I know them all, though they suppose me
"And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,"

"A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam."

DEM. "Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here."

TAM. Farewel, *Andronicus*: revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

TIT. I know, thou dost; and, sweet revenge, farewell.
[Exit TAMORA.]

CHI. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

TIT. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter certain Gentlemen, and Domesticks.

1. G. What is your will?

TIT. Know you these two?

1. G. The empress' sons,

I take them, *Chiron, and Demetrius.*

TIT. Fie, *Publius*, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is murder, rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gently *Publius*;
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[Gentlemen &c. lay Hands on them. Exit TITUS.]

CHI. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

1. G. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, with Lavinia;

Titus bearing a Knife, and she a Basin.

TIT. Come, come, *Lavinia*; look, thy foes are bound:—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me ;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter. —
O villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Here † stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud ;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband ; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death :
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest :
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak ?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats ;
Whilst that *Lavinia* 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself revenge, and thinks me mad, —
Hark, villains ; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood, and it, I'll make a paste ;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own encrease.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
And worse than *Progne* I will be reveng'd :
And now prepare your throats. — *Lavinia*, come,
[cuts their Throats.
Receive the blood : and, when that they are dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet; which I wish might prove
 More stern and bloody than the *Centaur's* feast.
 So, now bring in; for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing in the Bodies.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Gardens of the same.*
A magnificent Pavillion; Tables under it;
Domesticks attending. Enter LUCIUS, and
Goths, MARCUS with him; and
AARON, Prisoner.

Luc. Why, uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
 That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

i. G. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Maor*,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 'Till he be brought unto the emperor's face,
 For testimony of her foul proceedings:
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
 I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

AAR. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear;
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave! —
 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. —

[*Attendants lead in AARON. Trumpets within.*
 The trumpets shew the emperor is at hand.

7 bring them in, for Ile play

*Flourish. Enter SATURNINUS, and TAMORA;
with a great Train of Senators, Tribunes, and others.*

SAT. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

LUC. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

MAR. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

SAT. Marcus, we will. [*Company sit to Table. Musick.*

Enter TITUS, and Others, and Lavinia veil'd:

Titus, habited like a Cook, places the Dishes.

TIT. Welcome, my gracious lord;—welcome, dread
Welcome, ye warlike Goths;—Lucius, welcome;—[queen;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you, eat of it.

SAT. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

TIT. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

TAM. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

TIT. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;

Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

SAT. It was, Andronicus.

TIT. Your reason, mighty lord?

SAT. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

TIT. A mighty reason, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

¹⁵ welcome *Lucius* ³¹ reason mighty

For me, most wretched, to perform the like : —
Dye, dye, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee ;

[kills *Lavinia*.

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow dye !

SAT. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind ?

TIT. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
I am as woeful as *Virginus* was : [blind.

And have a thousand times more cause than he,
To do this outrage ; and it is now done.

SAT. What, was she ravish'd ? tell, who did the deed.

TIT. Wilt please you eat ? wilt please your highness
feed ?

TAM. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

TIT. Not I ; 'twas *Chiron*, and *Demetrius* :

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue ;
And they 'twas, they, that did her all this wrong.

SAT. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

TIT. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye ;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[killing *Tamora*.

SAT. Dye, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[killing *Titus*.

LUC. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ? —
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[killing *Saturnine*.

Company in Confusion. A great Tumult :
the Andronici, and their Friends, gain the
Steps of Titus' House : Tumult ceases.

MAR. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of *Rome*,
By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
 O, let me teach you how to knit again
 This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
 These broken limbs again into one body :
 Lest *Rome* herself be bane unto herself ;
 And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
 Do shameful execution on herself.
 But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witnessses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words, —
 Speak, *Rome's* dear friend ; as erst our ancestor,
 When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
 To love-sick *Dido's* sad attending ear,
 The story of that baleful burning night,
 When subtle *Greeks* surpriz'd king *Priam's* *Troy* ;
 Tell us, what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
 That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound. —
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel ;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my very utterance ; even i' the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration :
 Here † is a captain, let him tell the tale ;
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
 That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother ;
 And they it was, that ravished our sister :
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ;

5 v. Note. 31 it were that

Our father's tears despis'd ; and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand, that fought *Rome's* quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished, —
 The gates shut on me, — and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among *Rome's* enemies ;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend :
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body :
 Alas, you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;
 For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

MAR. Now is my turn to speak ; Behold this child,
 [Shewing it in the Arms of an Attendant.

Of this was *Tamora* delivered ;
 The issue of an irreligious *Moor*,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;
 The villain is alive in *Titus's* house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had *Titus* to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, *Romans* ?
 Have we done aught amiss ? Shew us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of the *Andronici*

Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.

Speak, *Romans*, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall. [*Rome,*

1. *R.* Come down, come down, thou reverent man of
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice doth cry, it shall be so.

Rom. *Lucius*, all hail; *Rome's* royal emperor!

MAR. Go, go into old *Titus's* sorrowful house;

[*to Attendants.*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius, and the rest, come down;

with them, young Lucius.

Rom. *Lucius*, all hail; *Rome's* gracious governor! —

LUC. Thanks, gentle *Romans*; May I govern so,

To heal *Rome's* harms, and wipe away her woe!

But, gentle people, give me aim a while, —

For nature puts me to a heavy task; —

Stand all aloof; — but, uncle, draw you near,

To shed obsequious tears upon this † trunk: —

[*kneels over Titus' Body.*

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

MAR. A tear for tear, and loving kisses for kisses,

[*kneeling by him.*

Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips:

O, were the sum of these that I should pay

Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandfire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire, e'en with all my heart
'Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants with AARON.

2. R. You sad *Andronici*, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

AAR. Ah, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave :
My father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, *Tamora*,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey :
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on *Aaron* ; that damn'd *Moor*,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
Then, afterwards, to order well the state ;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt.*]

Report it from my very soul.
And give him burial in his father's grave;
My father, and Andromeda shall forthwith
Be closed in one household's monument.
As for that ancient light, I never
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mortal bell shall ring her funeral
But throw her death to beasts and birds of prey;
Her life was beast-like, and she shall
And being so, shall have like burial;
No justice done on earth; that I should
By whom our heavy fate and this befalling
I am, answered, comfort well, I fear,
That like crime may befall mine.

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